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MEMOIR OF GIOVANNI BATISTA BELZONI.

SCIENCE may be said to have its martyrs in one sense, as well as religion; and it is painful to reflect on the numbers of ingenious men, who have, of late years, fallen victims to the spirit of curiosity. But of all the regions on the globe, Africa has proved most destructive to enterprising travellers; and yet the rapid succession of losses does not seem to damp the ardour of inquiry, or to deter other adventurers from attempting to explore the interior of that interesting, though, in a great measure, unknown quarter of the habitable earth. The catastrophe of the amiable and indefatigable Park, was followed by that of Burkhardt, Tuckey, and Smith, to which catalogue we have now to add the no less celebrated names of Bowdich and BELZONI.

This last extraordinary character was born at Padua, but spent most of his younger days at Rome, the former abode of his ancestors. Here he received a liberal education with a view to the monastic state; but the sudden entry of the French army into that capital, in 1798, altered his destination, and he became a wanderer. Though supplied with occasional remittances by his family, yet, as his parents were far from being wealthy, and their circumstances, from the pressure of the times, became daily narrower, he did not choose to be a burden to them, and therefore contrived to live on his own industrious exertions, and the knowledge he had acquired in various branches of science. His principal attention was paid to hydraulics, which he had learnt at Rome, and now turned to his advantage, by the public exhibition of curious machines and experiments.

After visiting several cities on the continent, he came to London in 1803, being then about twenty-five years of age, of very handsome and colossal appearance, his stature considerably above six feet, remarkably straight and well formed; his head and upper part of the body not exceeding the ordinary size, but from his hips downward he was extremely muscular. Shortly after his arrival here, he commenced an exhibition of hydraulics, in which he was a complete adept, shewing the various fantastic forms into which water might be thrown by the power of different kinds of machinery. After some stay in London, he went to Bristol, where he married; but he did not tarry in that city long, moving northwards to Edinburgh, and thence to Ireland. Finding the resources of the mind not sufficient to feed the curiosity of his visitors, he determined to call in the aid of his powerful strength; and accordingly between the acts of his hydraulic experiments, he would bear upon his gigantic frame, not fewer than fifteen, sixteen, or even twenty persons.—Thus he has been seen at the Cork theatre, lifting up the superabundant weight of individuals, strapped around his hips, shoulders, and neck, and moving across the stage with this living apparatus, as stately as the elephant surmounted by a body of Indian warriors.

After perambulating the united kingdom nine years, Mr. Belzoni turned his attention towards home, and proceeded to Lisbon; but instead of going, as he intended, to Italy, he went to Gibraltar, and from thence to Malta; and on being informed that the Bashaw of Egypt was a great encourager of the sciences, he embarked with his wife and an Irish lad for Alexandria, where they arrived on the 9th of June, 1815. The principal cause of his taking this cruise to Egypt was, the project of constructing hydraulic machines to irrigate the fields, by a system much easier and more economical than what was then in use in that country.

From Alexandria, at the beginning of the following month, they proceed-

ed to Cairo, where Belzoni, soon after his arrival, had nearly fallen a victim to Turkish barbarity. "Going," says he, "to the citadel of the bashaw, we had to pass through several of the principal streets, which are always crowded with people, and for this reason a stranger supposes the capital to be very populous; but except these streets and the bazars, the rest of the town is quite deserted, and a great number of falling houses, and much rubbish, are to be seen every where. We were mounted on our asses, the most convenient and only mode of travelling for Franks in that city. We met a soldier on horseback, who, when he came near, gave me such a blow with his staff, upon my right leg, that I thought he had cut it in two. The staves of the Turks, which are like shovels, cut very sharp; and one of the corners catching the calf of my leg, tore off a piece of flesh in a triangular form, two inches broad and pretty deep. After this, he swore two or three oaths at me, and went on as if nothing had happened. The blood ran out copiously; and instead of seeing the bashaw, I was taken to the convent of Terasanta, as the nearest Christian place I could go to. There was at that time a great discontent among the soldiers against the bashaw, for having given orders that they should learn the European military evolutions; and, as I was in a Frank's dress, I suppose the fellow paid me for what he had learned of European fighting. From the convent I was taken home to my house at Boolak, where I remained under cure for thirty days before I could stand on my legs. When I recovered, I was presented to Mahomet Ali Bashaw, who received me very civilly. Seeing that I walked lamely, and being told the cause, he said, such accidents could not be avoided, where there were troops. I made an arrangement with him, and undertook to erect a machine, which would raise as much water with one ox, as the machines of the country with four. He was much pleased with my proposal, as it would save the labour and expense of many thousands of oxen in the country; a matter of importance, since these animals are scarcely of any other use than working; for, though they are in pretty good condition, they are seldom killed for food, the Turks eating mutton, and the Arabs buffalo's flesh, when they can afford it.

"The place where I was to erect my machine, was in Soubra, at the garden of the bashaw, on the Nile, three miles from Cairo. We went to reside there, in a small house within the walls of the governor's palace, which was closed at night by large gates. I had many provoking difficulties to encounter before I became acquainted with the people of the place, as they supposed that the introduction of such machines into the country would throw many of them out of work: consequently, I was not welcome among them; and the very persons who were to furnish me with what was necessary in wood, iron, carpentry, &c. would be the first to suffer by it, if the machine succeeded. It may therefore easily be imagined that I had to contend with many obstacles, besides the prejudices against all strangers, and innovators on the customs of the natives. As a proof of this, may be cited the hydraulic machine already in Soubra, sent as a present from England to the Bashaw of Egypt, which is said to have cost ten thousand pounds. It was neatly put up, though the engineer, who was in charge of it, met with many difficulties before he effected it. At last it was set to work; but as it was imagined that an English machine would inundate the whole country in an hour, the quantity of water raised was not adequate to their expectation, and it has been left useless ever since.—This failure gave me an early surmise of what might be my own fate; and I was not mistaken.

"At length the hydraulic machine was completed, and though constructed with hard wood and iron, it was a question whether it did draw six or seven times as much water as those in common use. The bashaw gave his decision, that it drew up only four times as much. This calculation, however, was to my satisfaction, as it decided on the accomplishment of my undertaking. Still Mahomet Ali perceived the prejudice among the Arabs and the Turks who were concerned in the cultivation of the land; for, instead of four hundred people, and as many oxen, they would have only to command one hundred of each, which would make a considerable difference in their profits: but as it happened,

an accident occurred, that put an end to all their fears. The bashaw took it into his head to have the oxen taken out of the wheel, in order to see, by way of frolic, what effect the machine would have by putting fifteen men in it. James, the Irish lad in my service, entered along with them; but no sooner had the wheel turned once round, than they all jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, of course, overbalanced by the weight of the water, turned back with such velocity, that the catch was unable to stop it. The lad was thrown out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs. I contrived to stop the wheel before it did further injury, which might have been fatal to him. The Turks have a belief, that when such accidents happen in the commencement of any new invention, it is a bad omen. In consequence of this, exclusive of the prejudice against the machine itself, the bashaw was persuaded to abandon the affair. Thus ended the business, and all that was due to me was consigned to oblivion, as well as the stipulation I had made with him."

Previous to this, Belzoni had been consulted by Burkhardt, who was then in Egypt, about the practicability of conveying the colossal bust of the younger Memnon from Thebes to Alexandria, for the purpose of sending it to England. On the termination of the hydraulic project, this subject was renewed; and Mr. Salt, the consul-general, entered into a formal agreement with Belzoni to proceed to Thebes on the mission, entrusting him also with a charge to purchase any other antiquities that might fall in his way. Accordingly, on the 30th of June, 1816, our adventurer, and his no less enterprising wife, began their voyage up the Nile, accompanied by their Irish servant, and a Coptic interpreter. It was not till the 22d of July that they had a sight of the ruins of Thebes, and landed at Luxor.

"It appeared to me," says Belzoni, "like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propyleon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns,—cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before."

After having taken a cursory view of these wonders, Belzoni crossed the Nile, and proceeded straight to the Memnonium. "As I entered these ruins," observes he, "my first thought was, to examine the colossal bust I had to take away. I found it near the remains of its body and chair, with the face upwards, and apparently smiling on me, at the thought of being taken to England. I must say, that my expectations were exceeded by its beauty, but not by its size. The place where it lay was nearly in a line with the side of the main gateway into the temple; and as another colossal head lay near it, there may have been one on each side of the door, as at Luxor and Carnak." All the implements brought from Cairo consisted of fourteen poles, eight of which were employed in making a sort of car to lay the bust on, four ropes of palm leaves, and four rollers, without tackle of any sort. Such were the materials for the conveyance of this enormous mass of stone, first to the water side, and next down a rapid river to Alexandria for embarkation. But formidable as the obstacle thus presented might be, other difficulties arose, owing to the cupidity of the chiefs, the laziness of the people, and, above all, the machinations of the French agents, who, with characteristic treachery, exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent the removal of this wonderful piece of ancient art to England. In addition to these impediments, the season of the inundation was fast approaching, and the road at the foot of the mountain was very uneven, running in some parts over ground to which the water reached; so that, unless the bust was carried over these places before the rising of the Nile, it would have been impossible to effect the removal till the following summer.

Here, amidst these and other embarrassments, the vigour of Belzoni's mind evinced itself; and having collected, by the offer of a reward, some Arabs, he set to work with such activity, that, on the 27th of July, the head was placed on its rude car,

amidst the shouts of the natives, who said it was done by the devil; in which persuasion they were confirmed by observing the gigantic strength of their employer, and the notes which he occasionally minuted down, and which they concluded to be a charm. The head, however, did not reach the bank of the Nile till the 12th of the following month, and it was the 17th of November before the embarkation took place, owing to the want of a proper boat for the conveyance of such a piece of granite along a dangerous river. At length, with great manual labour, for no tackle was to be had, Belzoni got the bust on board, and on the 15th of December it reached Cairo, from whence, on the 3d of January, 1817, it was conducted to Rosetta, and there landed, to wait for a vessel to carry it to England.

During the interval between the removal of the colossus to the bank of the Nile, and its embarkation for Cairo, Mr. Belzoni and his wife ascended the river above the second cataract, as well to view that romantic country, as to procure antiques. At Ybsambul, a small temple attracted the notice of our traveller, and he was induced to commence operations upon it, in the hope of discovering some valuable curiosities; but, after considerable labour, he was obliged to desist, from the want of the means to prosecute his researches. In the island of Philoe, near the first cataract, Belzoni observed a small obelisk, of which, with the consent of the aga, he took possession, in the name of his Britannic majesty's consul-general, though not without a stipulated price. There were other interesting objects lying scattered about this spot, as an Osiris seated on his chair, with an altar before him, receiving offerings from priests and female figures; the whole surrounded by flowers and hieroglyphics. These antiquities he also purchased; but, as they could not then be removed, he was obliged to trust to the honour of the aga for the preservation of them till an opportunity occurred for their conveyance to Cairo.

On his return to Thebes, Belzoni began digging near the temple of Carnak, and, in the course of a few days, discovered about eighteen statues, six of which were sphinxes in a perfect state, as also was a white figure, as large as life, supposed to be of Jupiter Ammon, and now in the British Museum. Having seen the head of Young Memnon safely deposited at Alexandria, Belzoni made a second journey up the Nile at the end of February, accompanied by Mr. Beechy, the consul's secretary, for the purpose of making farther collections, and of sending them, with those already purchased, to Cairo. On finding that two agents of the French consul were making forced marches for Thebes, Belzoni left the boat, and hastened forwards to reach the place before them by land; but though he made every possible despatch, his artful opponents were too hard for him, by getting the good will of the bey, who openly gave them the preference, and retained the statues which had been previously discovered.

Belzoni, however, was not to be deterred by this barefaced injustice and treachery. He set to work under the bashaw's authority, and though he could obtain but few labourers, he succeeding in procuring many valuable articles, among which were two brazen vases perfectly uniform, covered with hieroglyphics, mummies, and sphinxes, particularly a colossal head of red granite, larger, though not so heavy as the Young Memnon. He obtained also an altar with six divinities in alto-relievo, and four lion-headed statues; but by far the most interesting of all his discoveries was a suite of subterraneous chambers, connected with each other in the grandest style, and full of ornaments, the principal of which was, a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, three feet seven inches wide, two inches thick, and completely transparent. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, representing, as is supposed, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased. A complete description of the Egyptian tomb in which this sarcophagus was found, would exceed the limits of the present sketch; let it suffice therefore to observe, that Dr. Young, by a laborious examination of the hieroglyphics, has been able to ascertain that it was constructed in honour of Psammuthis, the son of Necho, who reigned over Egypt about 600 years before the Christian era; and that Belzoni made a complete model in wax of the

tomb, as well as of all the sculptures that could not be removed, together with drawings of the paintings on the walls.

The next object that engaged the active mind of Belzoni, was the pyramid of Cephrenes; in contemplating which, on the north side, a thought struck him, that it was practicable to effect an entrance. He was led to form this idea by the different appearance which that side presented, and the more he thought of it, the more ardent his curiosity became; and he lost no time in obtaining a firman to the cacheff to furnish him with men to work at the pyramids. The order was complied with, but the Arabs laughed at their employer, and called him a madman. After sixteen days of fruitless labour, one of the workmen perceived a small chink between two stones of the pyramid. On being apprised of this, Belzoni thrust a long palm stick into the aperture, and, thus encouraged, the operation went on with alacrity. In six days more, an opening was effected into a spacious cavity; but to proceed was dangerous, for stones of a tremendous size were continually falling, threatening the intruder with instant death. It soon appeared, however, that this was not the true entrance; and though this disappointment would have damped the zeal of any other person, it had a contrary effect on Belzoni, who inferred that there must be another cavity at no great distance, and perhaps higher up. He made his observations, and pursued his labours with so much diligence, that, on the 2d of March at noon, he came to the right entrance into the pyramid. This aperture proved to be a passage four feet high, three feet six inches wide, formed of large blocks of granite, which descended towards a centre, one hundred and four feet five inches, in an angle of twenty-six degrees. Nearly all this passage was filled up with large stones which had fallen from the upper part, and as the passage inclined downwards, they slid on till some larger than the rest stopped the way. It took up much time to clear this place, at the end of which was a portcullis, or a fixed block of stone, that seemed to say, *Ne plus ultra*.

On a close inspection, however, it was found at the bottom to be raised about eight inches from the lower groove, which convinced Belzoni that there was a vacuum ready for its reception. After infinite labour, with miserable levers, the portcullis, as he called it, was raised high enough for an Arab to pass with a candle, who, on his return, said that the place was very fine. With a little more labour, the entrance became wider; and thus, after thirty days' exertion, Belzoni had the pleasure of finding himself in the way to the central chamber of one of the two great pyramids of Egypt. At the end of this passage is a perpendicular shaft of fifteen feet, which our adventurer descended by a rope, and at the bottom he perceived another passage running downward, which he followed till he came to an inclined one, and lastly to a horizontal path that led to the centre. The sides all along were covered with arborizations of nitre, some projecting in ropes, some not unlike the skin of a lamb, and others resembling leaves.

On arriving at the centre, the torch, formed of a few wax candles, gave but a faint light; yet the principal objects could be clearly distinguished. Belzoni naturally looked for a sarcophagus; but was disappointed, and nothing of the kind appeared there. The chamber had a painted ceiling, and many of the stones had been removed from their places, evidently by some one in search of treasure. On advancing farther towards the west end, however, the sarcophagus was discovered, buried on a level with the floor.

This chamber was found to be forty-six feet three inches in length, sixteen feet three inches wide, and three feet six inches high; cut out of the solid rock from the floor to the roof, which is composed of large blocks of calcareous stone, meeting in the centre, and forming a roof of the same slope as the pyramid itself.

The sarcophagus is eight feet long, three feet six inches wide, and two feet three inches deep in the inside. It is surrounded by large blocks of granite, apparently to prevent its removal, which could not be effected without great labour. The lid was broken at the side, so that the sarcophagus was half open. It is of the finest granite, but has not one hieroglyphic on it; whence Belzoni justly concluded that the pyramids are older

than this species of writing. At first nothing particular was found in the sarcophagus, but in a subsequent search a piece of bone was discovered, which being brought to London, and analyzed by Sir Everard Home, was proved not to belong to a human subject, but to a bull or cow.

When this fact became known, a very learned, but somewhat fanciful writer of our country, published a pamphlet, endeavouring to shew that the pyramids were not literal tombs of Egyptian kings, but that each was the mystical sepulchre of Osiris, the primeval monarch and hero-god of that country, whose representative on earth was Apis. The erudite theorist alluded to had before this asserted the same thing, and the present discovery appeared to put his hypothesis on the base of certainty; yet, after all, as Belzoni observed, the higher order of people in Egypt, particularly the kings, had cases within cases, and therefore it is as likely that the bone in question belonged to an animal, deposited there out of reverence to the deceased monarch, whose body lay in the inner repository.

The fame of this achievement in opening the pyramid of Cephrenes brought a number of visitors from Cairo, and, among the rest, the Earl of Belmore with his family, and Colonel Fitzclarence, who was on his journey over land with despatches from India. The latter gentleman took an active interest in the researches of Mr. Belzoni; of whom, in his published volume of travels, he has given this account:—

"I was greatly struck with his person, being in a Turkish costume. He was the handsomest man I ever saw, was above six feet six inches high, and his commanding figure was set off by a long beard. He spoke English perfectly; and the subject which had engrossed his thoughts so long, that of opening the pyramid, was brought on the tapis. I had much conversation with him respecting the late discoveries in and near the ruins of Thebes, which seem to surpass every thing in the world, except Ellora. The tomb lately opened by Mr. Salt was discovered by Mr. Belzoni by what he calls a certain index which has guided him in opening the second pyramid: what this is, I know not; but certainly he has been most successful, and cherishes the intention, if supported by our government, of doing much more. In my opinion he is too valuable a man for us to permit to labour for any other nation. He and Mr. Salt were enraptured with the sarcophagus they had discovered; and when I fully comprehended its beauty and value, my feelings were congenial with theirs, without having seen it.

"A piece of alabaster, nine feet three inches long, would in itself be a curiosity; but when it is considered that so much pains have been used in the elaborate carving of so fragile a material, it almost surpasses belief. It is made something in the form of a human body, but the sides of it are not above two inches, or two inches and a half thick, all deeply carved in minute figures, representing triumphs, processions, sacrifices, &c. All these figures are stained of the deepest blue; and when a light is placed inside, the alabaster being transparent, they appear upon a pellucid ground. It was found in what Belzoni supposes to be a tomb of the god Apis, and was placed across the top of a hollow passage which leads three hundred feet into the solid rock, and has not yet been explored to the utmost. We now visited the court yard, and surveyed four statues, of black granite, as large as life, with women's bodies, and heads of lions. Belzoni discovered these, with above thirty others, deep under the sand."

The colonel next gives a minute account of his visit to the pyramids, his description of which he thus concludes:—"I have had a long conversation with Belzoni. He professes that his great anxiety is to become known to the various antiquaries of Europe, and to be taken by the hand by them. Although he is far from being in even a state of mediocrity with respect to fortune, he is ambitious of fame, and of becoming celebrated for his discoveries. He said he looked upon it as a favourable circumstance I had passed through Egypt, and trusted I should be able to speak of him in England, so as to bring his merits before a nation to which he declares himself to be most devotedly attached. He had sent an account of the opening of the second pyramid to Lord Aberdeen, president of the Society of Antiquaries, but feared, from

the possibility of his lordship's being on the continent, that it might not obtain publicity. I suggested to him, therefore, the propriety of drawing up another narrative, and offered to take it to England for publication."

This was accordingly done, and the colonel adds:—"I am truly happy thus to have an opportunity of being of use to so able and enterprising a person. He possesses, to an astonishing degree, the secret of conciliating the Arabs, and literally makes them do what he chooses. His commanding strength and height aid him much in his enterprises. Mr. Salt tells me, that in moving the head of the Young Memnon, the bulk of which made the French despair of carrying it away, he had nothing to assist him but what he found upon the spot. He projects some most extraordinary researches, and every success is to be expected from his genius; but he intends, previously, to return once more to Thebes, and bring down the alabaster sarcophagus. He at the same time means to complete a work he has undertaken, which will be the first of the kind ever carried out of Egypt. It is the entire model of a suite of rooms lately discovered in the tombs of the kings of Thebes, all the walls of which being covered with beautiful carving, fac-similes will be taken of them in wax, and the whole so executed, and put into their respective places, that no difference or deficiency will be found in the representation. This work has been commenced about two or three months, and he hopes in another year to accomplish all the models; which will give, when completed, a most correct and distinct idea of the grandeur and magnificence of the Egyptian sepulchres."

Hitherto Belzoni had been engaged in the search after antiquities by Mr. Salt; but in the month of May, 1818, he made a third journey to Thebes, solely on his own account, and entirely at his own expense; but on his arrival there he was much mortified at finding that the English consul, as well as the French, had preoccupied and marked the grounds where such curiosities were most likely to be met with, so as to leave him little chance of discovering any thing of importance. Even this, however, did not damp his spirit; but he went to work, and, in a spot that had been abandoned by Mr. Salt, he soon dug out the finest statue found by him in all his labours. It is a sitting figure of a man, in all points resembling the great colossus of Memnon, with similar hieroglyphics on the chair. He also discovered there several lion-headed statues; but his principal employment in this visit was, to complete his model of the tomb. The wax alone he found would not stand, as the climate did not permit it; but he effected his object by a composition of wax, resin, and dust. The greatest difficulty was to take the impression of the figure without injuring the colours of it. The figures as large as life, were one hundred and eighty-two; those of a smaller size, about eight hundred; and the hieroglyphics nearly five hundred, of all which he took a faithful copy, with the colours.

Having finished this work, and not being allowed to dig where he wished, Belzoni collected as many antiquities as he could purchase, and returned with them to Cairo, from whence he soon afterwards made an excursion with Mr. Beechy to the Red Sea. The motive to this journey was, the report given by a Monsieur Caliud that he had recently ascertained the existence of the city of Berenice, of the ruins of which he framed such a pompous description as could not fail to inflame the curiosity of an antiquary. On the 16th of September, 1818, Belzoni and his fellow-traveller set sail, but in the course of the voyage they witnessed one of the greatest calamities that had occurred in Egypt within the recollection of any living person; for the river had risen three feet and a half above the highest mark left by the former inundation, and carried off several villages with their inhabitants. After sailing as far as Esne, they landed and crossed the great desert for the Arabian gulf, but were disappointed in the object of their search, which did not lie in the direction that had been described, though they ultimately ascertained its site, and found it to agree with the position laid down by D'Anville. This journey took up forty days, and shortly after Belzoni's return he set off again with a large party for Thebes, in order to make preparations for the removal of the obelisk from the island of Philoe to Alex-

andria; the consul having presented it to Mr. Bankes, who accompanied Mr. Salt on this expedition.—Here, however, fresh difficulties occurred, for the French agent, Drouetti, claimed the obelisk, and exerted himself to the utmost with the aga to prevent its transportation. Belzoni reminded the chief of his engagement, but this would have been ineffectual without the powerful medium of money. Fresh presents therefore were made; and at length the obelisk was brought to the side of the river, into which it fell, and was, to all appearance, irrecoverably lost.

Though chagrined at the accident, Belzoni was not a man to give up his confidence. Part of the pillar was yet above water, and therefore he conceived it possible to rescue the obelisk from its watery bed. By great strength, rather than the application of mechanical power, he succeeded; and this monument, with the sarcophagus and other interesting objects, were all safely conveyed to Alexandria.

During these operations, Mrs. Belzoni, who appears to have had as enterprising a spirit as her husband, made a journey across the desert to Jerusalem, of which excursion she wrote an artless, but pleasing narrative.

Having seen his collection secured at Alexandria, our adventurer made a visit to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the oasis of the western desert, where, though his observations were curious and valuable, he could not procure many antiques, for the want of the means of conveying them to Cairo or Rosetta. In this journey he had a narrow escape for his life, by rolling with his camel from an eminence; which accident laid him up a considerable time before he could embark for Europe. At length, in the middle of September, 1819, he left Alexandria; and, after an absence of twenty years, returned to his family at Padua; from whence, however, he soon departed for England, where, in the following year, he sent to the press the interesting "Narrative of his Operations and Discoveries in Egypt and Nubia;" with the promise of another volume, which, however, has not appeared.

Soon afterwards there was an exhibition of the antiquities and models which he had brought from Egypt; but we have reason to believe that neither this, nor the sale of his collection, was adequate to his extraordinary labours and personal sacrifices. He was also annoyed by the spirit of envy; and the malevolence which thwarted him in his Egyptian researches followed him to Europe, where the French journalists endeavoured to rob him of the merit of his discoveries, and to transfer the honour of them to the "great nation."

On the other hand, he had the satisfaction of enjoying the esteem of persons of the first eminence in the walks of learning; and, what must have been peculiarly gratifying to his sensitive mind, a medal was struck to his honour by the city of Padua. It has two Egyptian divinities sitting on an altar-like seat, with this inscription:—"OB. DONVM. PATRIA. GRATA. A. MDCCCXIX." And on the obverse,—

"IO. BAPT. BELZONI
PATAVINO
QVI CEPHRENIS PYRAMIDEM
APIDISQ. THEB. SEPVLCRVM
PRIMVS APERVIT
ET VRBEM. BERINICIS
NOBIAE. ET LIBYAE. MON
IMPAVIDE DETEXIT."

The wandering spirit of Belzoni could not long remain stationary. He felt anxious for a farther display of his energies in exploring distant regions. Africa was again the object of his attention, and he now formed the resolution of embarking once more for that inhospitable coast, with the view of penetrating to Timbuctoo, and from thence to continue his route across the country to Sennaar, and, after passing through Nubia, to reach Egypt, the scene of his memorable discoveries. Having sketched this Herculean design while at Cambridge, where he had presented, in 1822, the lid of a sarcophagus to the Fitzwilliam Museum, he lost no time in making preparations for carrying it into execution. Early in 1823, he proceeded with Mrs. Belzoni to Gibraltar, from whence they crossed to Tangier, in the beginning of April.

It was necessary to wait there for permission from the Emperor of Morocco to proceed through his dominions, which at first was obtained, and, in virtue of it, Belzoni went to Fez, accompanied by his wife.

(To be concluded in our next.)

METAPHYSICAL PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

(Continued from col. 421.)

OF CHANCE—NATURE—FATE.

"3*dly*. CHANCE, properly speaking, cannot be the origin of any *existence* or *event* whatever. What is *chance*, so frequently mentioned, and never yet reduced to any precise conception? Whenever it seems to have any definite meaning, it signifies the concurrence of two or more bodies moving from different quarters, without any known direction.* *Chance*, therefore, can originate neither *existence* nor *motion*, both of which must be presupposed, in order to the production of the *effect*. Consequently, to allege that the world was produced by *chance*, is a palpable *circle* in reasoning, that is, an argument which takes, for the foundation, or *premises* of the conclusion, that which is the very conclusion to be established. In the present case, an account is to be given of *existence* and *motion*, and both must be admitted, before that, which is to solve them, can be applied. Such an argument evinces nothing, but its own absurdity.

"The truth is, that the word *chance* has been introduced into language, merely to express that an *effect*, or *event*, of which the *cause* is concealed, has taken place. No *effect* can be without some *cause*, *proximate* or *remote*; and no *event* can happen, in the series of nature, without *antecedent occurrences*. When, therefore, we pretend to account, for any thing, by alleging *chance*, we fall into a contradiction in terms, and confess our ignorance, when we pretend to solve the case. By referring the origin of all things to this imaginary *cause*, to this word expressive solely of our *ignorance*, we are just at the point whence we set out, and what is alleged is exactly the same as saying nothing.

"There is, indeed, a calculation of *chances*, which proceeds on certain mathematical principles. But, this calculation does not represent *chance* as the *cause* of any thing. It proceeds on the observation of events, during certain periods of time, or in certain combinations of circumstances, and on the recurrence of the same, or similar events, within the stated periods, or in the stated circumstances. It is the doctrine of *probabilities*, amounting almost to *certainty*. But, it pretends not to assign the immediate *cause* of *any event*, and rests wholly on the regularity of the recurrence. It takes, for granted, that there must be fixed *causes* which produce this regularity, and the *regularity* is the foundation of the calculation. So, that this doctrine of *chances*, which extends also to *games of hazard*, rests on the exclusion of blind *chance*, and implies a regular concatenation of *events*, recurring at certain periods, and in certain given circumstances, and subject to specific laws.

"It is, in reality, a calculation of *effects*, of a certain description, without definite *causes*, and no calculation of *causes* at all.

"We observe, indeed, the appearances of regular figures, such as the representations of a landscape, of a town, of the human form, or of cattle, in pieces of marble, or other substances, which, in some sense, may be called *fortuitous*. But, all these might be traced to the antecedent positions of the substances in question, in regard to others by which they were affected; and, in all such instances, *imagination* also lends her aid to produce the similarity.

"II. The absurdity, observable in referring the origin of the world to *chance*, is not diminished when this origin is ascribed to *nature*, or to a *blind*, *eternal*, and *immutable destiny*, or *fate*. This opinion was held by one sect of ancient philosophers, though not to the exclusion of Deity, and has been revived by some moderns, with a view to exclude the Supreme Being. For, the term *nature* is of ambiguous signification. If, by this term, be understood the order and configuration of the world, and the actual *constitution* of its parts, these are the very subjects of inquiry and investigation; and the question is, what is the *cause*, who is the *author*, of that *order*, *configuration*, and *constitution*? If, by *nature*, be signified the *cause* which has *created*, *arranged*, and *vivifies* the whole system of the universe, this *cause* which, from its very definition, must be *free*, and *intelligent*, can be nothing else but

* Chance could no more give existence to mind, that it could produce body. The argument is equally conclusive against either supposition.

the Author and Sovereign of the universe, that is, *God!* In this sense, the term *nature* is evidently used by OVID. After describing, with great beauty and energy of expression, the confusion of the chaotic mass, he says,—

"'Hanc Deus, et melior litem Natura diremit.'

"Here, although some have ignorantly supposed the sense to be, *that nature*, better than Deity, *composed this discordance*, the meaning evidently is, 'that *Deity*, and a more exalted substance than brute *matter*, arranged the confusion.'

"III. With regard to the *eternity* of the world, resulting from a *fixed, unavoidable, necessary destiny*, or *fate*, this is the very absurdity which I have exposed in the preceding chapter. We account not for the order, beauty, and admirable arrangement of the universe, by saying, that it has been from *all eternity*. For, the subject of inquiry is, the *cause* of this admirable *constitution* of the world.—What answer is given? That, which children often most foolishly give:—It is, *because it is*. This absurdity is, therefore, equal to that of the Epicureans, or, if possible, exceeds it. For, these supposed only one single operation of *chance*. But, the authors of this latter opinion refer every thing, and event, to a kind of *eternal chance*. For, whether the word *chance*, or *fate*, be admitted, the case is the same. Something is assigned as a *cause*, which is contrary to all the appearances of things, and of which no distinct notion can be formed. Both these opinions of *chance* and *fate*, however different they may seem in *sound*, amount to the same thing in *reality*. They are both mere unmeaning terms, which convey no distinct ideas. They both seem *tacitly* to infer that the present constitution of the world is *necessary*, and could not have been different from what it is, and was not arranged by design—an opinion sufficiently refuted in the preceding chapter. They both agree in excluding a wise and provident *Cause*, notwithstanding the luminous manifestations of *intelligence*, and *wisdom*, displayed in the whole frame of nature.

"In this chapter, I have refuted the different schemes of Atheistical philosophy to account for the origin of all things. In the chapter immediately preceding it, namely, the second, I have evinced, that the world is not, and cannot be, *self-existent* and *eternal*. It, now, remains only to draw the conclusion, resulting from the chain of reasoning, already stated, and from the refutation of the Atheistical schemes, which have, hitherto, been devised. For this purpose, it will be proper to resume, briefly, the substance of what has been urged.

"Since a *world exists*, something must have existed from *all eternity*; either *the world*, or *its author*. The world must either be *necessarily existent*, and could not but *exist*; or it must have been produced by *chance*, (to which certain schemes of Atheism, in whatever terms expressed, must be reduced;) or by *blind destiny*; or must be the effect of some *eternal, intelligent*, and *self-existent Cause*. But, that the world does not *necessarily exist*, appears from the possibility of supposing its *non-existence*, as well as its existence under a *different form*, and after a *different manner*; as also from the number and variety of parts, and successions which it exhibits, that is, the *mutability* to which it is liable. That which is *mutable*, cannot be *necessary*. The scheme of *Pantheism*, which supposes no other *God* but the universe, is overturned by the same considerations.

"That *chance* could not have produced either the *matter*, or the *modification* of the world, appears, from the following arguments:—1*st*. The common conception of that imaginary power implies only the *unintentional rencounter* of several bodies, or objects, moving in different directions; and, consequently, presupposes their *existence*, and their *motion*, both of which it is represented as producing. 2*dly*. It is clearly implied, that, before *chance* could operate, all bodies must have been either in a state of *motion*, or in a state of *rest*, as *necessarily* belonging to them; both of which are false. 3*dly*. It is utterly improbable, and contrary to all observation, to suppose, that such a curious and harmonious frame, as the world exhibits, should have been produced by an unintelligent *principle*. *Lastly*. The word *chance* has been introduced into language, to express our ignorance, and acknowledgment that many *effects* are produced, and

many events happen, for which we cannot account. It is most absurd, therefore, to allege, as the *cause* of the world, that which affords no solution of any thing whatever, and conveys no information; but tacitly implies a confession of *ignorance*.

"The same arguments are equally valid, with regard to *nature*, and *fate*, or *fatality*, considered as the origin of the world. These, as well as the term *chance*, are merely unmeaning words, when applied to this subject. The last, therefore, of the *hypotheses*, or schemes proposed, is the only one that can be admitted. The universe is, and must be, the production of a *living*, *intelligent*, and active *Cause*, distinct from the world, which *Cause* is *eternal* and *self-existent*, has ever *been*, *is*, and ever *will be*, without change or variation. By rejecting this, absurdity is heaped on absurdity. Its admission furnishes the only just solution of the origin of all things. This is that *first principle*, with regard to this subject, in which the mind is forced to acquiesce.

"This reasoning, I cannot help thinking completely conclusive, and equivalent to an absolute demonstration of the fundamental article of all religion. It appears to me as certain as any mathematical proposition, fully proved. It is, indeed, of rather an abstract nature, and, for its full comprehension, requires considerable patience, and application of mind. But, when its different parts are rightly apprehended, and maturely weighed, when the premises are duly examined, and their connexion with the conclusion accurately considered, I flatter myself that that conclusion will inevitably follow, and that it must be acknowledged that there is a *God!* Thus, religion is placed on a firm and unalterable basis. But, as the close reasoning, by which this basis is furnished, is not adapted to all capacities, other arguments for *the being of God*, of more easy comprehension, and of more general effect, are supplied in considerable number. These, though they are not entirely exempt from the cavils of scepticism, are, nevertheless, sufficient to bring conviction to every unprejudiced, impartial, and honest mind. The principal of these I shall, next, proceed to consider."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DEATH-BED.—FROM ERASMUS.

(Concluded from col. 430.)

THEN, beside the relatives, they resolved to hire thirty torchbearers—this being the number of the pieces of silver for which the Lord was sold; and twelve persons to act as mourners in honour of the deceased—such being the sacred number of the holy Apostles. The horse which George used to ride was to follow the body, covered with black cloth from the neck to the ground, which mourning apparel was to be ornamented with the deceased's coat of arms; the torches also, and the mourning habits of those who were to attend, were to be adorned in a similar way. It was proposed to place the body at the right of the high altar, in a marble tomb, that should be elevated four feet above the floor; a figure of the deceased, in Parian marble, was to recline on the summit, clad in complete armour; he was to have the usual crest on his helmet, the neck of a bittern, and a shield on his left arm, painted with his coat of arms, three wild boars' heads, Or, on a field Argent. (This shews that, with all their boasted skill, they knew nothing of heraldry; the laws of which do not permit the placing of metal on metal.) At his side was to be a sword with a hilt of gold, hung to a belt wrought with gold and precious stones; the spurs also were to be of gold, the bearer being a knight. Under his feet they would place a leopard, and round the border of the tomb an inscription in some measure worthy of such an excellent man. The sick man himself desired that his heart might be placed, not in the tomb with his body, but in the chapel of St. Francis; and he commanded the parish priest to have his intestines honourably interred in the chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mother.

Marcolphus. A very grand funeral truly, and yet I think something too common. At Venice, obsequies more sumptuous than these might be obtained for a cobbler, at very little expense. A fraternity provides a very elegant bier; and six hundred monks will accompany the body, clad in mourning dresses. *Phædrus.* I have seen the same myself, not without laughing at the silly pride of these poor people. The fullers and curriers walked first in the

procession, the monks in the middle, and the shoemakers brought up the rear, conveying to the mind something of an idea of the fabulous chimera. Neither was this of my friend much unlike it. It was ordered by George that a lot should be cast between the Franciscans and Dominicans to determine which of them should precede the other in the procession; the others were also to determine by lot in what order they should follow the two former. The parish priest and his clergy were to have the last, or, in other words, the chief place. In fact, the monks were not likely to permit them to occupy any other.

M. Your friend was as capable of ordering a procession as of allaying a tumult. *Ph.* He also ordered that the sacred office of sepulture, which was to be performed by the parish priest, should be accompanied with a band of music. Whilst these and other necessary affairs were settling, the sick man displayed evident signs of the near approach of death. The last act of the drama was therefore set in preparation. *M.* Is there more to come? *Ph.* The pontifical diploma was then read over, in which the pardon of all his offences was promised, all fear of purgatory dispelled, and all his good things properly justified. *M.* All that were his by violence? *Ph.* Oh, to be sure! He could plead the laws of war in his vindication. It happened that Philip the lawyer, the brother of the dying man's wife, was there. He noticed a place in the diploma, of which he expressed his suspicions that it was not as it ought to be. *M.* This was uncommonly unfortunate. It would have been better at that time to have concealed his thoughts, even with the assurance that there was an error, for the sick man's sake. *Ph.* I agree with you in this; for, in fact, at the first mention of a flaw in the diploma, the dying man appeared almost distracted with despair. Vincent in these critical circumstances displayed considerable presence of mind. He desired George to be composed; for that he possessed a power of correcting any errors and supplying whatever deficiencies there might be in the diploma. Depend on it, said he, you are safe with this diploma; rather than this should fail you, my soul for your's. If the diploma fails, let my soul descend to the regions of destruction, whilst yours ascends to the highest heavens.

M. Do you think that the Deity will consent to such a change of souls? and if he would, was it prudent in George to accept of such a pledge? What if the soul of Vincent should be doomed to destruction for its own sins, and not for the sake of procuring George's admission into heaven? *Ph.* I only mention what passed. The assurance thus given had the effect of reviving George's spirits. The clauses were then recited, in which George was promised a participation of all the works that should be performed by the four orders, as well as by the fifth, of Carthusians. *M.* Loaded with this burden, I could scarcely doubt of his sinking with the velocity of a cannon ball to the bottom of the pit which he appears to have dreaded so much. *Ph.* This was intended only of their good works, which resemble feathers; of these, you know, the more a bird has, the better it is able to fly aloft.

M. If they thus dispose of their good works, who is to put up with their bad ones? *Ph.* The German military hirelings. *M.* By what rule? *Ph.* The evangelical one: 'to him that hath shall be given.' Then was recited the number of masses and recitations of psalms with which the soul of the deceased was to be accompanied. The number was immense. After this, the confession was repeated, and the benediction bestowed. *M.* And so his soul departed? *Ph.* Not yet. The floor was covered with matting formed of rushes, which, being rolled up, might be made into a kind of pillow. *M.* What was this for? *Ph.* This was thinly sprinkled over with ashes, and then the body of the dying man was laid on it. A Franciscan cloak was laid along, having previously been consecrated with short prayers and holy water; a cowl was laid on his head, for he was so weak that they were not able to put it on. The diploma and accompanying papers were placed beside him. *M.* A new way of leaving the world, this. *Ph.* And an approved one too; for it is well known that evil spirits have no power over such as die in this manner. St. Martin and St. Francis are said to have departed in

this way. *M.* But their lives may have been equally holy with their death. But go on with your narrative.

Ph. A crucifix and wax candle were handed to the sick man. Of the cross he said,—My shield used to be my defence in battle; now this is the shield which I shall oppose to the enemy: and having kissed it, he placed it at his left shoulder. Looking to the sacred candle, he said, Formerly I employed a spear wherewith to charge the foe; but this is the spear, which I shall brandish against the enemy of souls. *M.* He could not forget that he was a soldier. *Ph.* These were the last words he was able to utter; for life by this time was ebbing fast. Bernardin hung over the dying man at his right hand, Vincent at his left. One displayed an image of St. Francis, the other of St. Dominic. The others in different parts of the chamber repeated over the psalms in a low and mournful tone: Bernardin thundered with all his might in his right ear, Vincent in his left. *M.* What did they say? *Ph.* Bernardin vociferates, George Balearicus, if you now join in the things which we are performing, bend your head to the right. He bent it. Vincent on the other side cries out, Dont be afraid, George, you have Francis and Dominic for your champions; be of good cheer. Think what a fund of merit you have—what a diploma! Remember, my soul is pledged for yours; so it is impossible you should be in danger. If you understand and consent to what we are saying, bend your head to the left. He bent it. Again, as loud as they could bawl they vociferated, If you understand what we are doing, press our hands. He pressed them. In this manner, bending his head sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, he continued for nearly three hours. When at last it became apparent that he was at his last gasp, Bernardin standing beside him, pronounced the absolution; but, before he could finish it, George had expired. This happened about midnight, and on the following morning the body was opened.

M. What, after all, was found to be the nature of the disease? *Ph.* A piece of lead was found imbedded in the diaphragm, which was supposed to have been part of a shot with which he had formerly been wounded. After this work had been performed, the body was clothed in the Franciscan habit; and in the afternoon the funeral rites were performed with all the pomp that had before been resolved on. *M.* I have never heard of more pains taken with a dying man, nor of a more pompous funeral. But I suppose you would not wish this account to be published to the world? *Ph.* Why not? *M.* You would be sure to get the hornets about your ears. *Ph.* I am not afraid. If these things have the nature of piety, it is for their interest that the people should know it; and if not, those who are good among them will thank me for publishing them, for they may thereby be shamed out of them; at least, simple people will be guarded against being deceived. There are many wise and truly pious men in these communities, who have often lamented to me that the superstition or wickedness of a few should have led good men to condemn the whole fraternity.

M. What you observe is very just: but I would fain know the manner of Cornelius's death. *Ph.* He lived without troubling any one, and he died in the same manner. He suffered from a fever which had regularly returned upon him for several years; and being advanced considerably beyond sixty, either his age, or some more obscure cause, was the means by which the disease was excited to assume a severity beyond what it used to display; so that he was fully impressed with the idea that his time drew near. About four days before his death (it was the Lord's day) he went to church, confessed to the parish priest, attended the public service, and after sermon received the pledge of the Lord's body in the holy sacrament, and then returned to his house. *M.* Were there no physicians in attendance? *Ph.* He was visited by one only, who was no less a good man than a skilful physician. He informed him that he would gladly employ his utmost ability for his benefit; but he would recommend him rather to seek assistance from the Almighty than from medicine. Cornelius received the information thus conveyed to him as cheerfully as if it contained an assured hope of recovery. Therefore, although he had been in the habit of assisting the poor according to

his ability, with a due regard to the future circumstances of his wife and children, he now imparted his alms to the necessitous; not to bold and idle beggars, but to the honest and industrious, who preferred the bread procured by labour to that which is obtained from the hand of charity. I entreated him to lie on the bed, and that the priest might be called; and not to continue to wear out his already emaciated body. He replied, that it always had been his wish rather to alleviate the burdens of his friends than to increase them; and he saw no reason to depart from his usual practice at his last. He did not keep his bed more than the last day, and part of the night on which he expired. Because of his weakness, he mostly leaned on his staff, or sat in his arm-chair; when he lay down, which was but seldom, he kept his clothes on, and maintained as much as possible an erect posture. At this time he was engaged either in giving orders for assisting some of his poor neighbours, or in reading the Bible; dwelling chiefly on those parts that treat of confidence in God, or of his love to men. When from weakness he became incapable of reading, he got a friend to read to him. He frequently and earnestly entreated his family to study mutual love and peace, to apply their hearts to genuine religion, endeavouring also in the most tender manner to console them amidst their fears for his life. He also recommended to them not to suffer any debt of his to remain unpaid.

M. Did he not proceed to make his will? *Ph.* He had taken care of this in his days of health; for he could not believe it possible to do it in a proper manner when oppressed with sickness. *M.* But did he not bequeath something to monasteries and to the poor? *Ph.* Not a farthing. He remarked on that point, that he had distributed during his lifetime according to his ability; and now with his property he bequeathed the same obligation to charity, to those that came after him; he had no doubt, he said, that they would fulfil this duty better than he had done. *M.* Did he not solicit the attendance of the religious orders, as George did under the like circumstances? *Ph.* He did not. No one was present beside his family and two intimate friends. *M.* What reason had he for this? *Ph.* That he no more needed the assistance of a multitude to help him to die, than to be born. On the Thursday he did not leave the bed, on account of his great weakness. The priest being requested to visit him, performed the office of extreme unction, and administered the sacrament of the body of the Lord: but he did not enter on confession; for he said there were no scruples that troubled his mind. The priest then inquired about the place of burial, and the manner in which the funeral should be conducted. Bury me, he replied, as you would bury the meanest Christian. It matters not where you place my poor body; in the last day it will be found, place it where you will. When mention was made of ringing the bells, of the thirty masses, anniversaries, the diploma, and purchase of an interest in the merits of saints, he interrupted him, "My good pastor, I shall not be the worse, if no bell tolls for me; if you deem me worthy of the common sacred service at the funeral, it is enough for me; or, if you judge it needful, in compliance with the prejudices of the weak in faith, to do any thing more, I leave it to your judgment; but I have no desire to barter with any for their prayers, nor to rob any man of his good works. Christ has a sufficiency of merit for me. Let me be a spiritual member of the church, and I am sure of possessing an interest in all its prayers and works. In these two diplomas is all my hope: one is, that the Lord Jesus Christ, the chief Shepherd, hath abolished my sins, nailing them to his cross. The other is, that he hath written and signed with his blood, that we shall be sure of eternal life, if we remove our confidence from every other object, and place it on him alone. Far be it from me to build my dependence on merits and diplomas, and so provoke the Lord to enter into a strict account with his servant; being well assured that in his sight no flesh living shall be justified. I appeal from his justice to his mercy, because it is immeasurable and inexpressible." When the priest had received this answer, he took his leave. Cornelius's soul, filled with joy that could not be expressed, through an assured hope of salvation, requested some one to read those parts of the

sacred volume that treat of the resurrection of the dead, and the blessedness prepared of God for those that fear him. He appeared to drink in these things with engerness, sometimes whispering to himself, giving thanks with uplifted hands for the encouragement afforded him, ejaculating short sentences of prayer, and maintaining throughout a frame of mind the most lively and happy imaginable. About midday, when he had taken a little sleep, he requested that the 12th chapter of St. John's Gospel might be read. At this period he seemed no longer himself, but rather like one filled with the holy Spirit of God.

In the evening he desired his wife and children to stand around him, and he thus addressed them:—My dearest wife, God first joined us together, and now he is about to disjoin us; but the separation is of the body only, and but for a short period: that care, that love and pious affection, which in time past you have divided between these dear pledges and me, must now be transferred wholly to them. Nothing you can do will be so pleasing to God, or so grateful to me, as the bringing up these dear pledges of our union in such a manner as that they may be the servants of Christ. Inasmuch as they are about to lose my attention and watchful care, let your's towards them be doubled. If you do this, as I have no doubt you will, they will not discover that they are orphans. If it should so happen that you should contract a second marriage;—when he said this, his wife burst into tears, and declared that nothing could be further from her soul than such an idea. Cornelius replied, My dearest sister in Christ, if the Lord Jesus shall judge you worthy of this, by placing it in your power, and giving you the mind, put not away the heavenly gift; for it may be best both for you and our children. If, on the other hand, weakness of nature shall sway you, recollect, that though my death looses you from the law of marriage, it does not set you free from the faith whereby, for mine and your own sake, you should take care of our children. So far as regards marriage, use the liberty which the Lord has given you. This only do I request, and for your own sake advise, that you choose a man of such character that either from his own goodness, or out of regard to you, he will love the children he adopts with you. Beware of binding yourself with a vow. Keep your freedom, that you may be able to act as God shall appoint to you, and as the benefit of our children may require. Educate them in such a general course of pious instruction, as not to bring them to any particular employment, until from their age and peculiar aptitude you shall discover what it is for which they are best qualified.

Then turning to the children, he exhorted them to the study of piety, to obey their mother, and to preserve mutual love and peace between themselves. Having concluded what he had to say, he kissed his wife; and having made the sign of the cross, he prayed for every blessing on his children, and that the mercy of Christ might rest upon them. Then looking round on all who were present, he said, By to-morrow morning, the Lord, who is the dayspring from on high, will in his great mercy think my poor soul worthy of being translated from this sepulchre of a body, and from the darkness of mortality, into his heavenly light. I do not desire that any should be fatigued with watching by me. Let one only continue to sit up at once; he shall read the Scriptures to me, and you shall relieve one another by turns. About four o'clock in the morning he desired all present to repeat the psalm which our Lord made use of when on the cross. When this had been done, he requested that the wax candle and the cross should be brought to him: taking the former, he said,—Thou, Lord, art my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? He kissed the cross, and said,—Thou, Lord, art the keeper of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Then laying his hands on his breast in the posture of prayer, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! His eyes then closed as if in sleep, and his last breath was too gentle to be perceived. *M.* I never heard of a more easy death. *Ph.* His life and death were of a piece. —Both these men were my friends; perhaps I should do wrong to judge which died in the most Christian manner. You, who are not swayed by partiality to either, may be able to form the clearer judgment. *M.* To do so requires deliberation.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION CONSIDERED,—IN A LETTER ADDRESSED TO -------, ESQ. M.P.

[The following article has been long in our possession, waiting for a favourable moment to appear; and the probably approaching investigation of the Catholic question announces its arrival.—EDITOR.]

MR. EDITOR.

SIR,—Much has been said, through the medium of your valuable miscellany, on the Catholic claims; and your readers must feel indebted to your correspondent Omega for the able manner in which he has, in Vol. II., advocated the Protestant cause,—a cause worthy to be espoused; whilst his arguments have not failed to prove that Papal intolerance still exists in the hearts and actions (which supersede words) of these our ancient foes. Religion has recently received several severe attacks; and one attempt is doubtless fresh in the recollection of many of the readers of your work,—I allude to that memorable day when the late member for Dublin introduced that clause into the Catholic bill, which, had it been carried, would have proved fatal to this country, "when a majority of only four individuals wrought its deliverance."

It was in consequence of a certain member's name being found in the list of the minority, that a letter (of which the enclosed is an extract) was written, which appears to contain some important facts relative to the subject before us. From this conviction, I venture to forward it; and should it be deemed likely to prove in any way useful, its insertion in some future number of the Imperial Magazine, of which I am a constant reader, will much oblige me. A very fair specimen of the benefits likely to result from Catholic emancipation is presented to us in Vol. III. col. 600, an article similar to one which appeared in the "Times" a few weeks afterwards. Facts like these cannot fail to carry conviction to any mind disposed to give the subject a full and fair investigation, that the real object of the Papists is ultimately to overturn the Protestant religion.

I am, very respectfully, a friend to religious liberty, J. B.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO -------, ESQ. M.P.

"SIR,—The acknowledged value and importance of that great public triumph, which, after years of labour, and amidst unexampled opposition, was achieved by yourself, in the cause of humanity and justice, has designated you the champion of freedom, in the most large and extensive sense; while the various other services of your active life, in the cause of divine truth and sound morality, have placed your character, as it were, on a pinnacle of the temple, and proved you the uniform advocate and friend of pure and undefiled religion. True piety and legitimate liberty, indeed, are twin sisters, which will ever walk hand in hand, and mutually afford stability and grace to each other. It was therefore entirely in unison with each of those blessed principles, that, while your private and public actions have tended to display the power and extend the influence of vital religion, they have equally served to promote and recommend genuine liberty, the birthright of every Englishman, whether regarded in a spiritual or secular point of view.

"With this conviction on my mind, of the nature and extent of our common obligations to such a Christian and to such a statesman as yourself, it is with feelings of surprise amounting to astonishment, and with emotions of concern little short of pain, that I contemplate your late vote in favour of the undefined and undefinable claims of the Roman Catholics. When I observe such a man, one whom it is impossible to consider as influenced by mere party motives, espousing the untenable cause of what is sophistically termed Catholic Emancipation, and venturing on so tremendous an experiment as investing Catholics with legislative and executive power in this Protestant nation; I seek in vain for the reasons of such conduct in any part of your religious or political life, and am only left to deplore, in common with multitudes who entertain the same regard for your character as I unfeignedly do, that you should have thus lent the splendour of your name, and the weight of your influence, to the ancient and implacable foes of the church and the state, and, in spite of the accumulated wisdom and experience of past ages, have unwittingly ranged yourself on the side of spiritual darkness, Papal intolerance, and political bondage. What-

ever may be the cause, either remote or proximate, of the error into which you thus appear to have fallen, I will at least venture to affirm, that if either ancient or modern history is to be credited, the obvious and necessary consequence of success in such a cause as you have espoused, must be to introduce into this nation, at no very distant period, the errors of a worldly religion, the cruelties of an intolerant priesthood, and the curse of arbitrary power.

"Whatever scepticism there may be among many Protestants upon such points, it is impossible, sir, that you should doubt any one of these three truths:—*first*, that Popery is a secular religion, and not the religion of the Bible; *secondly*, that the Popish church has, in principle and practice, ever been a persecuting church; and, *thirdly*, that there has always subsisted between Popery and despotism a necessary and inevitable connexion. These are facts which, with the history of all nations, and especially of our own, in your hands, you cannot but admit; I therefore shall not at present stop to prove them.

"The fallacy, then, which appears to have conducted many Protestants to the conclusion which they have formed, is a supposition that, although such things have been, they will never be again; that the church of Rome is no longer intolerant; that Roman Catholics may now assist as legislators in making laws for Protestants, and as judges, juries, and magistrates in executing those laws; that the religion of Popery is not now so corrupt a thing as our forefathers considered it; and that whatever foolish fears they entertained of its arbitrary and tyrannizing policy, we may now, in all candour and charity, very safely trust ourselves and our children to the tender mercies of such a system.

"Permit me, however, sir, to inquire how it has appeared to you that Popery has changed its character? If, on that memorable night when you voted for the clause of Mr. Grattan's bill which would have given seats in Parliament to the Catholics, and when only a majority of four delivered our country from such a clause and such a bill together; if, I say, on that occasion, you had not the experience of the pope's reviving the order of Jesuits, have you not now the benefit of that additional fact, to shew that the head of the Catholic church is resolved to employ the same subtle and nefarious agents to overturn the Protestant faith, as were originally instituted for its destruction? Nay, have you not the means of knowing that the Jesuits are at this moment exerting themselves with all their might in Germany, Hungary, and Poland, not only to overturn the Bible Societies in those empires, but to vex and injure all who support them; and is not your present political course in the very face of such fresh light and information?

"If, indeed, the Catholics of our nation had declared themselves against the revival of an order which has always been the greatest scourge and curse of the Christian and civilized world, there would perhaps be some excuse for your separating the cause of Jesuitism from that of Popery; but the Catholics, to a man, have made common cause with those agents of crime and darkness, and have applauded and defended the order in every way. It is well known to you, that the great English advocate of Catholic church and claims, in the last work which he has published, and which he has thought fit (for reasons not very difficult to conceive) to dedicate to yourself, eulogizes that order in the highest terms, and publicly stands forth as its champion, in defiance of the clearest case of moral and political turpitude which was ever established against any society.

"At the period also when Mr. Grattan's bill was rejected, the head of the holy Roman church had not established the inquisition; but it is under the knowledge of that awful fact that your late political course has been shaped, and that, notwithstanding the revival of this most sanguinary tribunal in Christian Europe, by the pretended vicar of the Prince of peace, you are content to hope better things from a church, which, as she has been "drunk with the blood of the saints" from her earliest history, is evidently unwilling to surrender her claim to her ancient and scriptural designation.

"Thus also, when Mr. Grattan's bill was rejected, the modern thunderbolt of the Vatican had not been launched against the circulation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue. It is inquired

Who now regards the thunder of the Vatican? I answer, Every good Catholic: and I ask in return, What spirit is evinced on the part of the pope, in thus denying the scriptures of light and truth to the Christian world, but a resolution to perpetuate his own empire of ignorance and darkness? And yet it is in contempt of the additional experience with which the world is thus favoured, that the same course is pursued at present, by the friend of biblical truth, of British liberty, and (mirabile dictus!) of Catholic emancipation?

"In like manner, the Catholic bishops of Belgium had not, when Mr. Grattan's bill was rejected, declared that the "existence and privileges of the Catholic church are inconsistent with equal favour and protection being given to all religions," they had not then declared that "schism and heresy (that is, Protestantism,) must be rejected from the bosom of the church;" and that if the king of the Netherlands "should protect the public profession and spreading of the reformed religion, they (the bishops) should be found in formal opposition to his laws, since they could not release themselves from the obligation of preserving their people from such a doctrine, without violating their most sacred duties;" in other words, that rather than permit the toleration of Protestants, they were determined to be rebels against their lawful prince.

"It is in the face of this important declaration, dated the 28th of July, 1815, that you still hold that there is nothing to fear from the Catholic bishops of modern times; who are thus shewn, however, to be just the same persons as their predecessors in other times.

"The close connexion between all the parts of the Popish hierarchy is of no small importance in this argument: the late pope expressly refused to tolerate any other than his own religion, declaring toleration to be contrary to the Catholic religion, of which he was the spiritual head; and to the canons and councils, of which he claimed to be the legitimate interpreter. (*1.) He also asserted, that an union exists, by divine right, between himself and all his bishops, which was no more to be questioned than his own primacy; and further, that the entire dependence of all these bishops, upon himself as their head, was ordained by the pontifical bulls, and by those very councils and canons, of which (as before observed) he assumed to be the interpreter. (†2.) The Catholic bishops, therefore, in England and Ireland, as well as in the Netherlands and elsewhere, being thus expressly declared by the pope to be united with himself, and dependent upon him, it necessarily follows, that those bishops (to say nothing of their episcopal oath) are collectively and individually, by the very nature of their office, allied to, and dependent upon, an intolerant head; and, as one consequence in particular, that they, as well as their master, are pledged to refuse toleration to Protestants. To suppose the contrary, would be to imagine a schism in the holy Roman church, one and indivisible; since it would be to suppose the English and Irish bishops no longer in union with their spiritual head—to hold a doctrine which he solemnly disavows in the face of all Europe (that of toleration)—and to pursue a practice which none of his predecessors have ever acted on, and which he himself declares to be "contrary to the canons and councils, to the Catholic religion, to public tranquillity, and the entire good of the state."

"Here, sir, lies the main distinction between the Romish and Protestant churches: the Romish church, whenever she has had the power of acting upon her own avowed principles, never has tolerated Protestants;—no man can believe, under such plain declarations as the above, that she can now consent to tolerate them. Our Pro-

* "It has been required, that all religions should be freely and publicly exercised; but we have rejected this article, as contrary to the canons and the *councils*, to the Catholic religion, to the public tranquillity, and the good of the state, by the unhappy consequences which would result from it."—See circular letter of the late pope to all the cardinals, dated Feb. 1808, and published by Dalen, London.

† Our Lord and Saviour ordained a union between St. Peter and the Apostles, which is now represented by the union between ourselves and our bishops; we, therefore, maintain for ourself and our successors the plenitude of our own primacy, and the dependence of the bishops upon our see, as ordained by the pontifical bulls, the sacred canons, and the councils.—Ibid.

testant church, on the contrary, can, in perfect accordance with her own principles, tolerate the Romish church; nay, to do otherwise she must deny herself, and act inconsistently with her profession. The respective systems of Protestantism and Popery oblige their respective professors to a distinct line of conduct, the one of tolerance, the other of intolerance. If it could be supposed for a moment, that an individual, or even many individuals, of our own church were actuated by intolerant principles, the church to which they belong, being herself radically and essentially tolerant, would afford no countenance to such a mistaken policy; all those of her members who might be desirous of maintaining an intolerant spirit, would be at once restrained by their own church from carrying out their principles into practice. It is in vain that such persons, if such there be, might wish to "call down fire from heaven" upon those of a different creed from themselves; their venerable mother would instantly silence their unfounded complaints, and prevent their unchristian excesses: the Catholic would continue to repose, in common with the Dissenters, under the broad and ample ægis of religious liberty.

"Under a different system, however, we have seen that the same toleration cannot be afforded. The pope and his bishops are as decidedly pledged to an opposite line of policy, as if they and ourselves were at this moment living in the thirteenth century: they have gained no light by the diffusion of divine truth, and have learnt no wisdom by their own recent humiliation: either, therefore, you must, in the event of further concession by the Protestants, be prepared to expect a frightful contest on the part of the people of England with the ancient foes of their religion and their liberty, or, (which is not very probable, nor perhaps very desirable) that they should tamely surrender both without a struggle.

"This consideration of the difference between the two churches supplies a ready answer to the comparison, which was instituted in the course of a late debate, between certain of our own prelates who had opposed the Bible Society, and the pope, who had done the same; from which it was sought to be inferred, that this act, on his part, shewed no more hostility to the Protestant cause, than the same act in these members of our own church. The analogy, however, between the cases fails in this particular, namely, that the pope was pursuing a system to which his church has stood pledged from the beginning, and was acting in perfect consistency with all the canons and constitutions of the Romish hierarchy; while, on the other hand, those of our own prelates, who had entered on a similar opposition, are not acting in concert with their own church, nor in consistency with any of her avowed principles; they even differ from many of their brethren on the same bench, who at this moment support that society, subscribe to its funds, and attend its meetings; and so far from being considered as exhibiting the characteristic features of their own church, or displaying any knowledge of its genuine principles, they can only be considered as so many exceptions to the general and incontrovertible rule—that the duty and interest of the Protestant church is to circulate the Holy Scriptures.

"Individuals undoubtedly may be found, and will be found to the end of time, in every church, who are acting contrary to the spirit and letter of their own ecclesiastical system; as in the Catholic church many individuals may be found at this moment, who, contrary to the ancient and modern principles of their own church, are favourable personally to the dispersion of the Holy Scriptures: but this fact no more proves that the Romish church herself is friendly to the distribution of the Scriptures, than that indifference, or even opposition, of more than one of our own prelates proves that the Church of England is inimical to the dispersion of the Scriptures. It is really extraordinary that so obvious a distinction as this should have been overlooked in a late debate, when so much stress was laid on the supposed agreement between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, in opposing the circulation of the Bible. It appeared equally extraordinary, in a late debate, to find a Protestant bishop, of acknowledged talents, resting the whole of the defence of the Protestant cause upon the single point of the Papal supremacy,—which is indeed one argument

out of many, against the Catholic question, but is no more than one, and by no means the strongest; nay, I will venture to affirm, that if other noble and experienced statesmen (although only lay members of our venerable establishment) had been content to cut down the arguments against the Catholic claims to that single point, and to narrow the vantage ground, on which they stood, in so considerable a degree, we might have looked in vain to such a majority as then disposed of the claims.

"To conclude: If there be any justice in the above observations, you will have supported the demands and revived the hopes of a church which is, and must be, the sworn foe of the Church of England; and which, with power in its hands, cannot tolerate the members of this church. If, sir, you were merely a nominal member of our own church, I should better understand the course which you have pursued; but believing, as I do, that you yet admire her evangelical doctrines, and have drunk deep into her heavenly spirit, I am involved in difficulties, from which I looked, in vain, to be relieved by any explanation which might have been expected to accompany your recent vote. From mere politicians, sir, the Protestants of England expect far less than from yourself, and they are not disappointed when they find less; but when on a question affecting their best interests, because involving their civil and religious existence, they observe one so deservedly dear to them, adopting a line of policy from which the good and great men (whether Churchmen or Dissenters) of a former era, would have recoiled with dismay; when they find the advocate and the friend of religion pursue so peculiar a course, as (doubtless with the best motives) you have thought proper to take, in such an awful crisis as the present, and on a question so big with events as that which is just disposed of,—they are wholly at a loss to understand upon what principle it is that something almost approaching to a judicial infatuation should have overspread certain minds, which are thus found closed against all the accumulated wisdom of ages, and prepared to rush upon an experiment, the success of which, at the best, is but problematical; but the failure of which can be nothing short of destruction to this Protestant empire, unless all history be a solemn forgery, intended to impose on the world. I conjure you, sir, if it be not too late, to employ the breathing-time of another year, which yet lies before us, for the purpose of reviewing your present opinions.

"I know you too well to believe that the dedication of designing Papists, or the compliments of half-witted Protestants, will ever compensate you for the injury which may accrue to true religion and civil liberty, in this highly favoured nation, from any errors which you, and certain friends who are known to follow in your train, may commit. I entreat you to remember, that if you be in error, it is not possible for such a man to err alone. It is not (as has been said) like the blunder of a pocket watch, which only deceives an individual, but like the error of the town clock, which misleads a multitude. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant, "LUTHER."

ENGLISH LAW.—PROFANATION OF THE LORD'S DAY.

MR. EDITOR.

SIR,—It has been said that his late majesty George the Third, on his accession to the throne of these realms, "found the custom of card playing, with other games, at routs, &c. on *Sundays*, so inveterately established among his nobles, that nothing less than his own personal example and authoritative injunctions could have restrained and reformed it. It ought to be known, that his majesty commissioned his brother, the then Duke of York, to visit a certain lady of the highest rank, who held assemblies on *a Sunday evening*, and, under the express command of the king, *not to play*; and when the cards were offered to the duke, and parties were forming for him, he announced the orders of the sovereign, *as to himself*. The inference was easily understood by the company, and the duke did not see the orders of the sovereign disobeyed." May we not add, that piety was the brightest gem that glittered in the imperial diadem of the good old monarch; and that whilst we say, "Blessed be GOD that put such a thing as this in the heart of the king!" we shall do well

ever to set his rigid observance of the *sabbath-day* before us, as an example worthy of our imitation, and highly to be revered?

The profanation of the *Lord's day*, Mr. Editor, is a crime of so awful a magnitude, and is so alarmingly prevalent in this country, that nothing but mercy—that distinguished attribute of the Deity—could withhold the pouring down upon us of an offended Maker's wrath! When we see many thousands of our fellow-creatures bestirring themselves as soon as dawns the holy day of rest, to set out on excursions of pleasure; whilst some, on the sluggard's couch, are sleeping the morning hours away long after the sweet sound of the "church-going bell" has called others to the temple of the living GOD: when we see the idling crowds, which throng the murky corners of our larger towns, mocking the humble followers of the Redeemer, as they pass along the streets to their wonted sanctuaries: and when truth compels us to confess that many of our tradesmen are following their various worldly engagements on a *sabbath-morning*, and who, for the sake of paltry pence, are violating the laws of the Creator, trampling upon the authority of the king, and bidding defiance to the *Lord of sabbath*:—Are we not, I ask, astonished at the unbounded mercy of GOD? Why is it that a *sabbath-breaking* rabble is not swept from off the land of the living, and cast into the abysm of everlasting woe? 'Tis because *Jesus*, the sinner's friend, offers that all-prevailing prayer, "*Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!*" and because the Father delighteth not in the death of a sinner, but would rather that all should repent and live.

As to the moral importance of keeping holy the *sabbath-day*, I will trouble you with the following extracts:—

Mr. Justice Blackstone says, "The keeping one day in seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment, as well as for public worship, is of admirable service to a state, considered merely as a civil institution. It humanizes, by the help of conversation and society, the manners of the lower classes, which would otherwise degenerate into a sordid ferocity and savage selfishness of spirit; it enables the industrious workman to pursue his occupation in the ensuing week with health and cheerfulness; it imprints on the minds of the people that sense of their duty to GOD, so necessary to make them good citizens, but which yet would be worn out and defaced by an unremitted continuance of labour, without any stated times of recalling them to the worship of their Maker."

Mr. Justice Hale remarks, that "whensoever he had undertaken any secular business on the *Lord's day*, (which was not absolutely and indispensably necessary,) that business *never prospered* or succeeded well with him." This very amiable man further adds, that "there are three kinds of business that may be done on this day:—1. works of piety; 2. works of charity; and, 3. works of necessity."

The remark of Sir M. Hale, is, I think, fully borne out by the testimony of those who attentively observe the manners of men in general—for they will readily admit that those persons who more strictly revere the *sabbath*, frequently prosper, as well in their temporal as spiritual concerns; whilst on the other hand, as an elegant writer very justly observes, "there is scarcely an individual, who falls a sacrifice to the criminal justice of the country, who does not ascribe the *origin* of his depravity and end *to the profanation of the Lord's day*." *Hogarth* must have been aware of this when he drew his celebrated picture of the idle apprentice, whom he first represents as wasting the sabbath-hours on a tombstone.

Perhaps I may be permitted to say, that if ever there was an institution calculated to counteract the sin of profaning the *Lord's day*, and stem the mortiferous torrents of vice,—it is that of *Sabbath Schools*: And I think I shall not be charged with *postulata*, when I assert, that *Sunday Schools* form one of the greatest national blessings which Britons ever enjoyed! To see the poor man's child, and the widow's little ones, stepping across the threshold of a Sabbath School, fills the heart of all the truly philanthropic with a joy known only to themselves. Such godlike institutions have the strongest claims to the patronage of the state, to the support of the opulent, and to the prayers of all who wish well to the kingdom of Zion!

The publishing of *newspapers*, Sir, on a *sabbath-day*, most imperiously demands the attention of the legislature: it is an abominable practice, and cannot be too soon suppressed. *Visiting a barber's shop, paying wages, buying and selling, lounging at the coffee-room, frequenting taverns, and inexcusably neglecting public worship on the Lord's day*, are awful violations of the holy and positive commands of GOD. *Taking unnecessary journeys on a Sunday*, is also another offence against the divine law—and on this last breach, I will quote a few lines from *Dr. Primatt's* Treatise on the Sin of *Cruelty to Brute Animals*, edited by the *Rev. A. Broome*, together with the latter gentleman's note:—"*Remember the sabbath-day*, is but another phrase for, remember mercy; or, remember that the sabbath was ordained principally for the rest* and refreshment of all concerned and mentioned in the commandment, whether child, or servant, or beast. That this was the principal design of the institution, is further evident from the comment of the Lawgiver himself: *On the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may rest;* (here they are named *first*;) *and the son of thy handmaid, and the stranger, may be refreshed.*—Exod. xxiii. 12. And in the repetition of the law, it is thus written in fuller terms, with a *memento* subjoined: *Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates, for remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt;* Deut. v. 14. i. e. Let the recollection of thy former hard servitude under the yoke of Egypt, teach thee the duty and reasonableness of compassion and tenderness to *all* that labour on thy account, whether they be thy children, thy servants, thy cattle, the ox that ploughs for thee, the ass that carries thee or thy burden, or the stranger in thy gates."

Previously to referring to our laws against the profanation of the *Lord's day*, I would just observe, that those who are so regardless of the divine commands as to neglect the duties of the *seventh* day, should bear in mind how severely *sabbath-breakers* were punished in the days of Moses; for, in Exod. xxxi. 14. it is said that, every one that defiled the sabbath should surely *be put to death*; for whosoever did any work therein, that soul should be cut off from among the people: And accordingly we find, in Numb. xv. 36. that a man, who had been found getting sticks upon the *sabbath-day*, was taken without the camp, *and stoned to death.*

We will now look at the Laws against *sabbath-breaking*:—

The profanation of the *Lord's day* is punishable by the municipal law of England. By the statute 27 Hen. VI. c. 5. no fair or market shall be held on the principal festivals, Good Friday, or any *Sunday*, (except the four Sundays in harvest,) on pain of forfeiting the goods exposed to sale.

By 1 Jac. I. c. 22. no *shoemaker* shall expose to sale any shoes, on pain of forfeiting 3s. 4d. per pair.

By 1 Car. I. c. 1. there shall be no assemblies of the people out of their parishes, for *any sport whatsoever*, on this day; nor shall they, in their parishes, *use any bull or bear baiting, interludes, plays, or other unlawful exercises or pastimes*, on pain of 3s. 4d. to the poor for every offence, or to stand in the stocks for three hours.

By 3 Car. I. c. 2. no *packhorse, waggon, cart, nor any drover with cattle*, shall travel on the *Lord's day*, on pain of 20s.; nor shall any *butcher* kill or sell any victuals upon that day, on pain of 6s. 8d. Prosecution to be

* "There is one species of inhumanity, which all ranks, except the poor and indigent, stand accused of. This is the custom of travelling post. How often do we see the trembling horse, panting for breath, come reeking into the inn yard, and nearly expiring under the extreme exertion to which he has been driven! his sides bleeding with the spurs or lashes of the unfeeling postboys! every muscle and tendon quivering with convulsive agony: in vain is he offered food, his mouth is parched with thirst and dust, he refuses sustenance; water he is denied, because it would probably put an end to his existence, and he is preserved for future and constant torment. These poor creatures, alas! experience no advantages from the prohibition contained in the fourth commandment; but, by the force of alluring fashion, are doomed to suffer more on that day than any other. But shall not this double breach of the laws of heaven and humanity meet with double retribution in the future dispensation of rewards and punishments? While the gentleman turns with horror from the brutal carman, inflicting unmerited punishment on his faithful horses, let him reflect, that he is himself more culpable in the practice above mentioned, because his education ought to have inculcated better principles."

within six months. And this act is not to abridge the courts ecclesiastical.

By 29 Car. II. c. 7. no *tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other person, is to work on the Lord's day*, works of charity and necessity only excepted, on pain of forfeiting five shillings, if the prosecution be commenced within ten days. Neither shall any person *use, employ, or travel* with any boat, wherry, lighter, or barge, without permission from a justice, under a penalty of five shillings. If any person travelling on this day *be robbed*, the hundred shall *not* be charged. *No writ, process, warrant, &c.* (except in cases of treason, felony, or for breach of the peace) shall be served on a *Sunday*, on pain that the same shall be void; and the party serving the same shall be liable in damages. No person is to cry, or expose to sale, any *wares, merchandises, fruits, herbs, goods or chattels whatsoever, on the Lord's day*, on pain of forfeiting five shillings to the poor, and also the articles exposed to sale, or to stand in the stocks for two hours: But by this statute, milk, before nine in the morning, and after four in the afternoon; and by 10 and 11 W. III. c. 24. mackarel, before and after divine service; may be sold on a Sunday.

By 13 Geo. III. c. 80. no person shall on a *Sunday* or *Christmas day* kill or take away any game, on pain of forfeiting not less than ten pounds for the first offence, and not less than twenty for the second offence; or, in default of payment, to be imprisoned for not less than six months, and, at the expiration thereof, to be publicly whipped.

By 21 Geo. III. c. 49. the keepers of houses for public entertainment upon a *Sunday*, to forfeit £200 for every offence; and shall also be subject to such punishment as the law directs for keeping *disorderly houses*.

And,—By 55 Geo. III. c. 9. no baker residing within the bills of mortality, and within ten miles of the Royal Exchange, shall bake victuals after two o'clock on the *Lord's day*. I should have said, that by 1 Eliz. c. 2. and 23 Eliz. c. 1. persons above sixteen years of age, who absent from church above a month, are to forfeit £20 per month. But, that by 1 W. & M. Protestant Dissenters are exempted from penalties.

Believe me to be, Mr. Editor, very respectfully, your's,

EDWARD CROMWELL BROWN.

East Retford, May 1, 1824.

P.S. I will thank you, Mr. Editor, to insert the following, by way of addenda to my letter on Drunkenness, which appeared from col. 322 to 327.

"By 3 Geo. IV. c. 77. so much of 1 Jac. I. c. 9. as relates to penalties and punishments of innkeepers, &c.; and also so much of 7 Jac. I. c. 10. and 21 Jac. c. 7. as relates to the disabling persons to keep an alehouse for three years, in the cases therein mentioned; and also so much of 1 Car. I. c. 4. as relates to the penalty on alehouse-keepers and victuallers therein mentioned; and also the clauses in 30 of Geo. II. c. 24. relating to the penalties on persons licensed, &c. are repealed:—And every licensed person selling ale, &c. lawfully convicted of any offence against the condition of the recognizance to be entered into as thereby directed, (and in which is particularly mentioned *drunkenness, tippling, cards, bear, bull, or badger baiting, cock-fighting, &c.*) for the first offence to forfeit a sum not exceeding £5; for a second offence, a sum not exceeding £10; and for a third offence, a sum not exceeding £100. Constables, headboroughs, police-officers, or patrols, are disabled from holding an alehouse, &c. Nor shall any victualler, &c. serve as a constable, &c. on pain of forfeiting ten pounds."

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

(Continued from col. 442.)

No. VII.—On the evil Effects of indulging our sinful Passions.

"——— All the man imbruted in the swine."
CAWTHORN.

SARAH M—— was born of poor but honest parents, and brought up in ways of piety and virtue. As she grew in years, she became remarkable for beauty, and was deemed, in the village where she lived, the prettiest girl that "tripp'd the green."—Her disposition was light and lively, but peculiarly affectionate, so that she was endeared to, and beloved by, all who knew her. A light disposition, when unrestrained, frequently leads its possessor into a snare, and

is often the cause of much after anxiety and uneasiness, and, when joined to personal beauty, its effects are the more to be dreaded, and its encroachments should always be guarded against.—But to my tale.

At about the age of eighteen, she was placed as servant in a wealthy gentleman's family, and for some time lived beloved and respected. This gentleman had an only son, who, at the period she entered the family, was from home on the continent, where, having plentifully indulged in pleasure, and engaged in a course of dissipation, at his return his whole aim seemed bent upon the gratification of his passions, to the cravings of which he alone attended. He saw and remarked the beauty of poor Sarah,—and immediately devised her ruin.

He was a young man of a prepossessing appearance, and pleasing address,—and by assiduous attention and seeming kindness, he won the heart of the girl; and proceeding step by step in his work, he at last, in an unguarded moment, trampled down and destroyed her innocence and virtue, and effected his diabolical end.

Remorse follows crime as the shadow follows the substance: passion when indulged generally leads to sorrow; and what we do under the influence of its heat, becomes, in cooler moments, ample food for repentance. Poor Sarah, after yielding to the wishes of her paramour, became truly miserable. The wonted hilarity of her countenance fled by degrees away; her eye became pensive and dull, her cheek hollow and colourless, and she lost all her former mirth and joy. The utmost dejection was observable in all her motions, and even an unconcerned spectator was inclined to pity the wreck of beauty that he saw before him. Conscious that she soon would be unable to conceal her situation from general knowledge, she wept and mourned in secret, knowing not what course to take, and dreading to communicate her case to any one—till at last she gave way to despair.

One day she left her master's house, under pretence of going to the village where her family resided:—she returned not at night,—the next day she was likewise absent,—she was sent for, and it was then found that she never had arrived at her father's house: search was diligently made for her, and at last her body was found in a pond, near her former home.

He who drinks deeply into the cup of pleasure, thinks not what bitter pains are felt by those who have helped to compose its draught, and have ministered to his gratification.

Poor Sarah's situation has been that of many others: and while the perpetrator of the evil has been revelling in pleasure and surrounded by mirth, his victim has been writhing with the bitter pangs of remorse, and perhaps plunging deeper into crime to hide her care in a whirlpool,—and a disconsolate family have been bewailing the loss of one who was once their comfort and their joy.

What a monster is he, who, when he casts his evil eye upon innocence, thinks but of its ruin! and yet there are many such in the world!—There are many whose hearts seem dead to every thing but the gratification of unlawful passion, and who cast not a look at the awful misery which their conduct brings upon others. Did the gratification, the unbridled gratification, of our desires affect but ourselves, the case would be somewhat different: but it strikes to other hearts—it robs innocence of her brightest jewel, and plunges into an abyss of vice those who, but for our interference, might have walked in ways of piety and virtue. I extenuate not a crime like that of the miserable female whose fate I have here recorded,—that will always meet with its punishment,—but he who prepares the snare, and preys upon the victim, will find that the deed will be heavy on his heart, and eventually he will be charged with it.

In the giddy maze of pleasure, men neither heed nor think of these things; for, intoxicated with the cup which they drain but to fill again, they are insensible to all around; but when affliction places upon them her heavy hand, and the grisly visage of death looks glaringly in their faces, remorse will start from her hiding-place, and conscience will loudly and imperatively cry, and they will feel full sorely the evil of their past conduct, and the awful prospects of their future existence.

This paper may perchance meet the eye of one who is deliberating on the indulgence of his passions, and who

is almost dazzled with the prospects his imagination presents to him. I will freely allow that these unlawful pleasures are very tempting to the eye, and appear decked with every captivating charm, and every alluring grace. But let me tell such a one, that Pleasure always promises more than she performs; and that the light which shines so glaringly is merely a delusive and artificial flame, which leads to some dangerous marsh, where peace and comfort will be destroyed, and every good principle choked and smothered.

(*To be continued.*)

REMINISCENCES FREQUENTLY UNACCOUNTABLE.

It is curious to observe in what various degrees of distinctness the memory of past things recurs with a kind of involuntary recollection to the mind. Though we may account for the chief part of these stray thoughts and feelings by the great law of association, there are others so faint and indefinite as to defy our utmost skill of research, (however expanded the retrospective organ may be,) to discover why, or how, or what they are doing there. Waving all discussion of the hypotheses and arguments of philosophers, physicians, and metaphysicians, with the different states of mind and morbid phenomena, we shall satisfy ourselves with giving the result of our own experience, and stating a few simple facts, which we doubt not all must have at times observed, but which are no less pleasing and surprising for being familiar, and coming home to men's business and bosoms.

How often, on arriving amidst perfectly new scenes and characters, a sudden thought seems to flash across the brain, that we have somewhere seen such a place or such a person, when we have the best reason to suppose we never could have done so before. Certain tones of music heard for the first time, expressions of countenance, a picture, or a book—all at times seem to come over one's feelings with some old claim of acquaintanceship—though we could demonstrate they were all new; yet, they seem to talk to us of some vague transactions of the past.

For ourselves, we have often thought, when seated with our friends at the fire-side, that we could predict the very words that were going to be said, and remember also somewhere hearing what had just passed, as plainly as though it were a repetition of the dialogue. Yet this we deemed morally impossible, and we could by no means point out the time or place. Still we felt assured it was too strong for mere coincidence. We have tried to solve it by a theory of dreams, by sheer imagination, by referring it to a shadowy recollection of something that had resembled it, but we could never satisfy ourselves, or get clear of it. We are better, however, enabled to judge of the effects, than account for the origin, of these vague reminiscences—these waking dreams which steal over us as if unawares, when we least expect them. Their influence is, in general, pleasing; and, as regards myself, how often have I delighted to indulge the train of thoughts they inspired,—even when of a tender or melancholy nature, connected with far-gone times. Associations arise in the soul;—one brings with it a thousand;—all that is dearest and best of our young days again rises to view;—we wander in the same fields,—we visit the same spots,—the same objects, and the same voices, are about us,—and we become playmates and schoolboys such as we used to be. The scenes of our early wanderings,—the holiday expeditions, the far-off favourite haunts, sought with an eager yet a timid joy—the truant pleasures snatched with all the zest, but with none of the anguish, of real guilt;—how pleasantly does the dim recollection of all these come across the mind, mellowed by the touch of time—and sweeter for the contrast of cares and sorrows that have followed them.

In fancy, I can often return, with as lively a relish as I once tasted them—to the very same woods and lanes;—I cross the stile, and walk the green where the urchins used to play—and enter the wicket gate, through the garden to the parsonage house. I see the school—in the exact order I left it—I see the church spire at a distance—I mount the brow of the hill—and, approaching, I seem to open the white gate just as I once did, into the sacred precincts of that holy place I must ever revere, where

the first delicious feelings of indistinct and nameless piety swelled at my heart. How I seem to go in again, as I have so often done on the sabbath morn, taking the same exact seat, listening with the same fervour of unfolding love and gratitude as I once did, to the same mild voice breathing heavenly truth and tidings, which I delighted in, (though I did not always comprehend,) even then. Too blest, could I always have remained what I then was—or could I always fancy thus!—but the spell is broken;—such scenes are far away, and I remain what I am. R. T.

ANIMADVERSIONS ON FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.

MR. EDITOR.

SIR,—I beg leave to make a few remarks on an essay, entitled "Freedom of Inquiry," and subscribed "Zelim," which appeared in your number for March, col. 235.

I am as great a friend to freedom of inquiry as any man can be; but unbounded freedom of inquiry, like absolute liberty, is inconsistent with the happiness and well-being of man.

It certainly is pleasing for the moment to enjoy an unbounded prospect, and to roam with eager curiosity over the fairy land of discovery. But does the sight of an unbounded prospect, does the satisfaction of a vague curiosity, increase the happiness of man? Does it not, rather, unsettle the mind, and call off the attention from present pursuits to be involved in an endless labyrinth? Let the man, who has carried freedom of inquiry to its utmost verge, candidly tell me, whether he enjoys more satisfaction at this moment, than he did before he engaged in the arduous pursuit?

We know who has said, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow;" and for the truth of this position, I appeal to every man's experience. Pope has happily described, in two lines, wherein the felicity of man consists:—

"The bliss of man, could pride that blessing find,
Is not to think or act above mankind."

The full meaning of which, I conceive to be, is, That each individual should confine his thoughts to that occupation to which it has pleased God to call him.

But there is a pride in the heart of man, which prompts him to be equal with the greatest of the great. And when he finds himself unable to attain the summit of his wishes, he impotently vents his venom by impugning every authorized establishment. It is from this principle that the cobbler at his stall will, with the most daring arrogance, canvass the conduct of ministers, and rashly condemn every measure which opposes his own opinion; as if he himself had been privy to their most secret councils, and were a competent judge of the state of the nation.

Zelim, col. 235, says, "To doubt of the wisdom of inquiring after truth, is to doubt whether the eye was made for seeing." In a limited point of view, this position is sufficiently palpable: but the eye may be injured by a too intense application, or by beholding objects too diminutive.—And so it is with freedom of inquiry: it may be carried too far; nay, there is every reason to believe it is carried too far, because man is ever prone to extremes.

Zelim observes, in col. 237, "These latter absurdities, (viz. the prohibition of the Scriptures to be read except in the Latin tongue,) it is true, were removed at the Reformation; but in almost all Protestant churches, free inquiry has ever since been discouraged, and, as far as was possible without the infliction of bodily pains and penalties, forbidden, by making the recital of certain forms of belief a part of the general service, and by loading all deviations from the instituted faith with threatenings of eternal misery." Here Zelim directly condemns all articles of belief, as if he had forgotten that the good and wise have in all ages been a guide to the ignorant and unwary. He seems to think that man comes into the world endued with all the energy of mind which he possesses in maturer years. He forgets that there is a natural imbecility in youth, which needs a ruler and a guide.

If creeds have been formed, it is by men of piety and learning, who have read with patient assiduity, and maturely pondered the Scriptures.—And who are fitter instruments for such an undertaking? But creeds are condemned as burdensome and unnecessary to rational creatures. I would ask Zelim, were his parents

religious? and if so, did they not think it their bounden duty to impress on his infant mind the leading doctrines of Christianity? Does Zelim never recollect reading, "He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not, the wrath of God abideth on him."

Now, if it is right for parents to teach their children the principles of religion, where is the impropriety in the ambassadors of God setting up landmarks by the way, to guide the unwary in the path of truth? But, surely, in times when the very foundation of religion is attacked, it is a stay and support to us to reflect that we are in the possession of creeds, embodying the main truths of our most holy faith, which were believed, and reverently handed down to us, by our forefathers.

In col. 238, Zelim says, "It is ignorance, not knowledge, which makes men discontented." Surely Zelim never contemplated the untaught rustic lying prostrate on the sunny bank contented with his lot. Did the knowledge which Adam acquired by transgressing the command of God increase or diminish his happiness? The hill of knowledge is steep and craggy, and few there are who reach its height. But of those only, who ascend its summit, and take a dispassionate view on all sides, can it be justly said, that knowledge does not make them discontented and troublesome?

Zelim adds, in col. 240, "To make men virtuous, there seems nothing more necessary than to convince them, from the known nature of things, and from certain experience, that it is their interest to be so."—Here Zelim discovers the grossest ignorance of the human heart. To say that men would become virtuous if they knew it was their interest to be so, is to deny the truth of Scripture:—"Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." "Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life."

Passion, not reason, since the fall, is our lord and master.—All, not only the openly wicked and profane, but the very best of men, discover this humiliating truth:—'That they err from the path of virtue and happiness, not, Zelim, because it is involved in darkness and obscurity, but for the sake of indulging their sinful passions and inclinations.'

JUVENIS INSULATUS.

Nottingham, April 3, 1824.

*** Let not Zelim imagine that I have entered the field against him, influenced by the spirit of party—it is purely from the love of truth. For if any one ought to feel aggrieved at constituted ecclesiastical authorities, it is I, whose prospects in life have been blasted through the arbitrary decisions of one of the heads of our venerable establishment.

ON INTELLECTUAL GIFTS, AND SUPERNATURAL AGENCY.

IT is a doubtful matter whether men receive what is equal to each other, or whether there be a difference made. We shall proceed to examine this question.

There must, in one respect at least, be some difference, because the souls of all men are lodged in different bodies. It has been considered by philosophers, that two things cannot be exactly similar:—at any rate, in their relations they cannot be; for divide the universe into parts, each part must differ from every other; therefore, a spirit united to any portion, must be differently related to things around, from what it would be, if placed any where else.

If we pry into the niceties of the subject, we may find that the very creation of spirit may constitute a difference in it, but this difference will be of a relative kind. It may be in relation to the period in which its existence commenced, or in the particular place in which it was created; further than this, perhaps, we have no occasion to look for variety among spirit—for the same Almighty Being may create to-day, as he did yesterday; but who can say that an unchangeable Being cannot have the same sort to-day as yesterday? It all resides with him. Spirit, as matter, must be formed out of nothing, and in nothing there can be no variety. In the operations of the Almighty about the same objects, we therefore have little reason to expect variety; and hence we may conclude, that the souls of men are originally alike.

But there is a difference, and that

a relative one; it *might* exist, as we before said, in the process of creation, but it *must* exist in an union with matter. All matter is differently related. Its connexions are altered thereby—spirit is placed in union with matter, and hence spirit must be variously related.

The bodies of men are more or less perfect, and we see every degree, from the most beautiful form, to that which is exactly the reverse. The internal parts of course partake of the same variation.

The body possessing a finely formed ear, receives the niceties of sound. The eye which is properly formed, receives more perfectly the rays of vision; and so of the other senses. But let the ear or the eye be injured, and the effects are immediately visible. If the perfection of the ideas did not depend in a great measure on the fitness of the senses, the sense might be injured, and ideas remain complete: but as the ideas are affected, it proves that the cause lies with the organs of sense. Herein the man is advantageously or disadvantageously situated.

Spirit may, however, be equalized by the Almighty as to goodness or capacity, while lodged in, and connected with, matter. The situation in which the spirit is placed in the midst of evil, and under its influence, inheriting an imperfect body, subject to the continual operations of an evil spirit, and all these acting and existing relatively to each soul, constitute the cause of evil in man, and the relative disparity between men.

Every man fills some important office in the general assembly of mankind. In proportion to his possessions, intellectual or external, so is his influence. Hence, therefore, as truly holy men have power, the interest of religion will be promoted; and as wicked men have power, the interest of piety will be destroyed. Therefore it is, that the holy Spirit may induce men who are under his influence to improve the gifts afforded by Providence; and thus it is, that Satan may induce his followers to increase theirs, —because, by the one, Christianity will be helped onward, by the other it will be retarded.

There is only a limited degree of heavenly operation given to man, otherwise man's condition might, perhaps, be altered in a moment. But what is needful, exists. The will of man is suffered to remain free. Yet it may be probable, that the influence of both good and evil is exceedingly powerful. Both sorts, when followed, will lead to more. But with regard to the use of men's talents, it is of little consequence whether we suppose, that the two supernatural operators increase his natural powers, or whether they work on him by motive, that is, a motive to exert himself. In either case, a visible increase of knowledge would exist.

Experience teaches us, that in proportion as knowledge is gained, the capacity is enlarged—but whether this be through the original plan and gift of Providence, or whether it be something continually supplied, we cannot determine.

We know this, for certain, that talents are pretty equally distributed among the righteous and the wicked; the one sort do not possess them to the exclusion of the other; and we may judge that the cause of this, acted with very nearly the same degree of power on all, to produce such a similarity of effect. Perhaps we may refer all to the first arrangement made by Providence, and suppose, that except in matters nearly connected with the salvation of the soul, there is no supernatural stimulus given. We may be dependent on that first plan laid down, and on the peculiar circumstance in which we may be afterwards placed by the Ruler of the universe. Hence, we may see the dependence necessary to be placed on our own exertions; the justice of calling all men to an account for the use of their intellectual powers; and the awful responsibility of possessing the means, while we do not lend our strength to the perfection, of the heavenly building which the Almighty has founded on the earth.

If these observations should be the means of engaging the attention and pens of some of your able readers, to examine and decide the question—"Whether intellectual attainments be the effect of continued supernatural operations, or of a first stimulus given by the Creator without direct interference afterwards;"—I shall be glad, and so perhaps will many who read the Imperial Magazine.

DION.

POETRY.

STANZAS

ON VIEWING THE RUINS OF DUNBAR CASTLE.

"These venerable ruins I'll survey."

O how resistless is the tide of time:
Before its force what devastations roll!
The truth is sad, yea, seriously sublime,
And stirs the pensive feelings of the soul.

Where'er we turn, our ever wand'ring eyes,
Behold, the scene a changeful aspect wears:
The very flower we tread on grows and dies;
The mountain oak bows with the weight of years.

But these, by frequent pressing on the view,
Cease to affect the light and careless mind;
Life's mazy path we heedlessly pursue,
And to such pigmy monitors are blind.

But here a grave and lone memento stands,
That shews what time's corroding hand can do;
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *.

Let me draw near, and view this mournful scene
Of ancient strength and grandeur, now laid low;
So low, it hardly tells what it has been,
And only bears the direful signs of woe.

Ah, see the walls by ruthless tempests torn,
Their trembling tops the gazer's eyes appal;
The space enclos'd how empty and forlorn,
Resounding to the mould'ring stones that fall!

The tottering pile of time proclaims the power,
And in the chinks the dandelion springs;
While high in air the saffron-colour'd flower*
Its sweetest incense to the north wind flings.

The sculptured arches, the armorial stone,
Have flung their charges to oblivion's care;
All, all—except these meagre traits are gone,
Which scarcely hint that ever such were there.

The very rock that bears this pile on high,
Time has envelop'd with a mossy gray,
Save where bold Neptune does his strength apply,
And wrecks his rolling billows day by day.

These breaches wide make access free to all,
No massive gate an entrance now denies;
No porter list'ning to the stranger's call,
No cautious sentry guards it from surprise.

Hush! what is that which takes a sudden flight
At my approach, urged on by needless fear?
Ah, 'tis the jackdaw, or the bird of night,
That finds a safe and lone asylum here!

How sad the change! the pride of former days
Becomes a refuge for the lonely owl!
A waste on which the wond'ring eyes may gaze,
A place for superstition's ghosts to howl.

Vain man! where now thy labour and thy toils
To make thy wealth and puny pow'r be seen?
Here strength is class'd with devastation's spoils,
And grandeur levell'd as it ne'er had been.

Is this the place (well may we now inquire)
That former days beheld exulting rise?
The place to which 'twas safety to retire,
When danger shook the nation with surprise?

Is this the place for which our fathers shed
Their noble blood, possession to maintain—
When fleets and armies were around it spread,
And striving hard its battlements to gain?

Wait we reply?—These verdant banks can tell
How many ancient heroes they enclose,*
That in the close ensanguin'd conflicts fell,
Triumphing nobly o'er their country's foes.

Ay, and these ramparts, now so very low,
A heroine and her illustrious band†
Defended 'gainst the close besieging foe,
And sent them vanquish'd to their native land.

Nor was this spot the seat of war alone,
For here, august, in days of former years,
The pomp of female royalty has shone;
Here festive mirth has drown'd depressing fears.

These tott'ring walls, now moaning to the breeze,
Once have re-echo'd to the voice of song,
When smiling peace, soft affluence, and ease,
Would oft the jovial symphony prolong.

And here, perhaps, the bard has struck his lyre,
And sung the feats that Scotia's sons had done;
While list'ning heroes would the strains admire,
And feel fresh ardour thro' their bosoms run.

Then would they vow to tread the paths of fame,
So nobly trodden by their ancient sires;
Whose dauntless courage had acquir'd a name,
That in their sons ambitious pride inspires.

And on that very wall, before their eyes,
Might hang the sword, the helmet, and the shield,
Which vict'ry had bequeath'd them as the prize
Of manly valour in the bloody field.

And when a lovely but a hapless queen‡
Before her subjects' ire was forc'd to flee,
She sought, when in a sorry plight, I ween,
And found a safe tho' short retreat in thee.

But who to thee would now for shelter fly?
Who from thy heights would look with proud disdain?
Who on thee now will cast an envious eye?
Will nations strive thy freedom to obtain?

Those days are gone, gone never to return,
Thy pow'r and grandeur shall no more appear;
Thy poor remains now call the muse to mourn,
And o'er thy wastes to shed a silent tear.

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* The wallflower.

* In the vicinity of the ruins are great quantities of human bones, some of which were enclosed in rude stone coffins, others seem to have been enwrapped only in the garments which the warriors had worn when they fell, from the remains of warlike dresses, which have also been found.

† Agnes, the Countess of March, who bravely defended it in her husband's absence, 1388, until the besiegers were obliged to raise the siege, after it had lasted nineteen weeks.

‡ Mary, Queen of Scots.

The hands that rear'd thee long have dormant lain,
And kindly blended with their kindred clay;
Full many a race has roll'd itself between,
Since thy first owners hail'd thy rising day.

We fondly ask, who were those warlike men,
Who liv'd and acted in those days of yore,
Whose works recede so fast from human ken,
Whose very names, alas! are heard no more?

Inquire we may, but, ah! 'tis now in vain,
They've fled for ever like a passing dream;
E'en vague tradition hardly does remain,
To light their passage down soft Lethe's stream.

A little longer, and the sailor's eye
Shall strive in vain one vestige to command;
A little longer, and the passer-by
Shall ask—"where did the ancient fabric stand?"

But, lo, the shades of evening thicken fast;
The screaming sea-fowls seek the craggy shore;
The low'ring north portends a coming blast,
And bids me ponder on the scene no more!

JUVENIS.

"ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD."

Romans viii.

PILGRIM, why so mark'd with trouble?
Why that grief upon thy brow?
Hast thou found the world a bubble?
Is thy heart the seat of woe?
Come, now let me ease thy anguish,
Hear the language of thy God;
What, tho' trials make thee languish—
These are working for thy good.

"Oh! the pangs of tribulation
Wound and thrill this aching heart;
Here I've found but sad mutation
Forc'd from every joy to part.—
Once a wife, a son, a daughter,
In these wither'd arms I press'd;
But my wife—a fever caught her,
Pale consumption seiz'd the rest."

Aged pilgrim, do not sorrow,
Own the goodness of thy God;
From thy trials comfort borrow,
These are working for thy good:
Say, when time the point had rounded,
Of affliction's thrilling spear,
Has this promise never sounded,
Softly pleasing in thine ear?

In their blessedness believing,
Hast thou never felt a joy
Blunt the torture of thy grieving,
Yea, thy gratitude employ?—
Never felt submission's power
O'er thy troubled bosom steal,
Soft as zephyrs o'er the flower,
When the stormy winds are still?

Had thy peace been unmolested,
Couldst thou call earth's joys thy own;
They perhaps that love had wrested
Which belongs to God alone.
Cease then, pilgrim, cease thy sorrow,
Own the goodness of thy God;
E'en from trials comfort borrow,
These are working for thy good.

Φ. Π.

TO JUPITER:

ON VIEWING HIS SATELLITES THROUGH A TELESCOPE.—BY J. GORTON.

ILLUSTRIOUS planet! (sometimes evening star,
And sometimes morning; these are appellations
Of trivial import) vast participator
With this our globe, in those blest influences
Which Sol exuberant sheds; tho' much superior
In bulk and magnitude, yet dost thou range,
Great as thou art, but as a single member
Link'd to one family. To art indebted,
I've seen what our forefathers never saw
In backward ages,—thy four satellites,
Or rather thy four moons; how admirable!
A tube enhances vision's pow'r, and shews
A further demonstration of the fiat
Of the sublime Creator, and advances,
If such were needed, a fresh proof that wisdom
Infinite and exalted must have moulded
Thy sphere, and with auxiliaries furnish'd thee.
Had I a doubt remaining on the subject,
This were enough t'eradicate it fully;
How could such order be by chance effected?
An orb stupendous fram'd! accompanied
By others necessary; these again
At distance proper plac'd, and all revolving,
And all harmonious! yet t' impute the whole
To accident! how frivolous! how absurd!
No, no, there ever was, there e'er will be,
Let men's audacity say what it may,
A high Intelligence, supreme, divine,
To whom all nature owes her origin,
And but for whom these trifiers ne'er had been.

LINES,

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BROTHER FROM HIS HOME, TO MADRAS, IN THE EAST INDIES.

AND shall my Brother unlamented go
To India's sultry clime, where death awaits
The tender form?—Ah, no! my tears shall flow,
And my full heart indulge its grief awhile.
Farewell, my Brother!—our communion here
Hath fled for ever; with thyself hath fled:
Yet, oh, 'tis sweet recalling ev'ry hour
In which I've shar'd with thee some social joy,
And wander'd thro' dear Newby's blest retreat;
When ev'ry tree with motley colours grac'd,
Display'd the varying tints of autumn's reign;
Whilst glowing Sol sunk to his daily rest,
And cast his parting glance upon the vale;
Where scatter'd villages, and verdant meads,
With gliding streams, and woods of sombre hue,
Allur'd the gaze:—there on a rising mound,
Where once a cool and shady arbour stood,
With thee I've view'd the 'witching landscape o'er.
The rev'rend firs in stately majesty
Wav'd o'er our heads, and whisper'd in the breeze
Of silent ev'ning.—Then the gentle moon
Rose with her smile to gild the beech's boughs,
Stript of their beauty by the sullen wind.
Oh, dear to thought are moments such as these!
When nature's glories closer knit our souls,
And hope inspir'd us with her syren's voice,
To speak of days when happiness would bring
A heaven on earth, and all our youthful cares
Vanish like darkness at the sun's approach.
Ah! could our eyes but then have pierc'd the mist
Of mute futurity, how would our hearts
Have sicken'd at the dread o'erwhelming scene!

Where Fountain's ruin'd pile attracts the eye,
Rich with the trophies of all-powerful time,
Environ'd with sweet Studley's faëry land;
Its laurell'd walks, and wide-extended plots
Of grassy verdure;—there I've loiter'd too;
And in imagination's sylvan trance,
View'd monks and cowls, with mitred potentates,
And heard the solemn dirge thro' cloister'd shades.
With thee, my Brother, have I travers'd o'er
Studley's fair region; these endearments oft
Steal on my "busy meddling memory;"
While down my pallid cheek the tear does roll.
Yet think not all our joys shall be forgot,
Tho' ocean parts us with his mighty space,
His awful tempests, and appalling waves.

Dear mem'ry! thy delineating hand
Portrays those joys remember'd thro' long years:
So *Newby* in my heart shall hold a place,
Its pleasing prospects there shall ever live.
There on the tow'ring ornamental spire
Is carv'd my Brother's name,—and as I pass
The spot secluded, there my eye does dwell
With fond regret, and loath to leave the scene.

Adieu, my Brother! oft I'll call to mind
Our past communion in this earthly vale;
And hope, thro' tears and sighs, shall point on high,
Where "dear relations mingle into bliss."

Thirsk, April 14, 1824. G. Y. HARRISON.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A SISTER IN NORTH AMERICA, 1823.

THOUGH in a foreign clime a stranger,
Far distant from thy native land,
Oh, mayst thou be preserv'd from danger
By thy Almighty Saviour's hand.

Although the Atlantic roll between us
Its bosom vast, can this impede
Jehovah's bounty to his creatures?
No—he'll provide for all we need.

His goodness still is overflowing,
His hand extended to supply;
His heart with love and pity glowing,
He views thee with a sleepless eye.

He knows thy sorrows and distresses,
Each secret cause of grief and care;
And thus in tender love addresses
Thee, in reply to anxious pray'r:

"Fear not, my presence shall be with thee,
Be not dismay'd, for I am thine;
My strength shall be sufficient for thee,
Be satisfied that thou art mine."

Although thou feelst a lonely stranger,
Thou'rt journeying to an heavenly rest;
Although beset with sin and danger,
Thy Saviour says thou shalt be blest.

He has declar'd that he will guide thee
By his almighty counsel here,
In his own time he will receive thee
To glory, freed from every fear.

Soon will the term of thy probation,
This state of pain and trial, cease;
Think of it in anticipation;
It will impart a settled peace.

And when thy toils and cares are ended,
How sweet will heavenly rest appear;
A rest with bliss and joy attended,
Without an intervening fear.

The traveller, with his journey wearied,
Thinks with delight upon his home,
Anticipates each scene endeared,
Forgets awhile that he's alone.

The sailor, toss'd upon the ocean,
Thinks of his home and native land,
Longs to be freed from each commotion,
And leaps with rapture on the strand.

Soon will thy wanderings end for ever,
And thou wilt reach the happy place,
Where thou shalt see thy glorious Saviour,
And rest secure in his embrace.

O may this thought still cheer thy spirit,
Till thou from earth thy Saviour raise,
An heavenly mansion to inherit,
To see his face and sing his praise.

To that blest region of enjoyment
O may our happy spirits soar,
Where praise shall be our sweet employment,
And we shall meet to part no more.

Delightful thought, well may its brightness
Impart new energy to hope,
To drooping hearts impart a lightness,
To sinking minds afford a prop.

Whene'er we feel with care oppressed,
O, may it still console and cheer,
Until at length entirely blessed,
In yonder heavenly glorious sphere.

Yes, we shall meet no more to sever,
When call'd to quit this earthly cell;
In Jesus we shall rest for ever,
Nor ever have to say—farewell.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON LEAVING A——Y, YORKSHIRE, OCTOBER, 1823.

ADIEU, ye scenes of all my early years;
Ye verdant hills, and smoking cots, adieu;
My wand'ring eyes bedim'd with parting tears,
Now take their last and melancholy view.

With deep regret I recognize the place
Where I my mother's care have oft forsook,
To pluck the simple daisy from the grass,
Or throw the pebbles in the murm'ring brook.

And oft upon the hill where trees appear,
I've watch'd the labour of the bustling hive;
These crooked elms unto my sight are dear,
And feelings lost within my heart revive.

Ah, yes!—my mem'ry yet shall hold you fast,
Delightful days, so free from thought or pain;
For, as I ponder on those seasons past,
Sweet recollection paints th' events again.

And well I recollect those forest trees,
Where many a croaking rook did build her nest;
And oft when shook by eve's refreshing breeze,
Beneath their shade I've sat me down to rest.

There youthful fancy with romantic fear,
Converted oaks to huge gigantic forms;
And o'er the fields that look'd like deserts drear,
They spread their pond'rous and terrific arms.

Farewell,—no more I share those happy hours,
When simple joys engross'd my infant mind,
And wild imagination lent her pow'rs,
To charm the moments with her influence kind.

Thirsk, Feb. 9, 1824. G. Y. HARRISON.

REVIEW.—*Sermons preached in St. John's Church, Glasgow. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D.* 8*vo. pp.* 446. *London. Whittaker.* 1823.

FEW names, in modern days, have obtained a greater degree of celebrity than that of Dr. Chalmers; and it will not be easy to find an individual more deserving, than this gentleman, of the reputation he has acquired. When a volume is announced, of which he is known to be the author, expectation immediately mounts on tiptoe, hope becomes sanguine, and a commotion takes place in the moral and intellectual powers of the soul, through which desire obtains new energy, that rarely ends in disappointment.

The Sermons before us are fifteen in number, which, though written on important subjects, sustain in the aggregate a highly miscellaneous character. Several of their titles wear a speculative aspect; and this will naturally awaken the curiosity of the reader, who will find, in the development of the subjects passing under his observation, much to arrest his attention, to exercise his understanding, and to engage his affections. The following are their distinguishing appellations: "The Constancy of God in his Works, an argument for the Faithfulness of God in his Word—The expulsive Power of a new Affection—The sure Warrant of a Believer's Hope—The Restlessness of human Ambition—The transitory Nature of Visible Things—On the Universality of spiritual Blindness—On the new Heavens and the new Earth—The nature of the Kingdom of God.—On the Christian Sabbath—On the Doctrine of Predestination—On the nature of the Sin against the Holy Ghost—On the advantages of Christian Knowledge to the lower orders of Society—On the duty and the means of Christianizing our home Population—On the distinction between Knowledge and Consideration."

For the thirteenth and fourteenth discourses, which refer to "the advantages of Christian Knowledge to the lower orders of Society," and "the duty and means of Christianizing our home Population," Dr. Chalmers deems some apology to be necessary; while the eleventh, which "treats of Predestination," and the twelfth, which inquires into "the Nature of the Sin against the Holy Ghost," though he admits them to be of a highly speculative character, he considers to be strictly congregational. This is a point on which many of his readers will probably demur, as multitudes will be unable to discover why a speculative knowledge of predestination, and of the sin against the Holy Ghost, should be entitled to more public discussion than the advantages of Christian knowledge to the lower orders, and the duty and means of Christianizing our home population.

It is, however, but just to state, that the learned Doctor has treated the above speculative topics, with an eye to practical utility, invariably aiming to derive from each some important lesson, to strengthen the wavering, to console the desponding, and to check the presumptuous. In these discussions, as well as in others that appear in this volume, the same energy of language, expansion of mind, vigour of intellect, and comprehensiveness of expression, for which the writings of this author have been remarkable, are alike conspicuous. His range of thought is almost unbounded, but it rarely fails to be accompanied with that sedate and reflecting judgment, which can alone give security to mental excursions.

There are not many subjects that occur, in questions of theology, more interesting than those to which the sin against the Holy Ghost have given birth. It has furnished employment for speculation and learning, as well as much food for despondency; and we doubt not, that the opinion and authority of a divine so celebrated as Dr. Chalmers, will afford gratification to our readers on a point so momentous. In prosecuting his inquiry on this awful topic, he thus delivers his sentiments, in the following clear and unequivocal terms:—

"There is nothing mysterious in the kind of sin by which the Holy Spirit is tempted to abandon him to that state in which there can be no forgiveness, and no return unto God. It is by a movement of conscience within him, that the man is made sensible of sin—that he is visited with the desire of reformation—that he is given to feel his need both of mercy to

pardon, and of grace to help him—in a word, that he is drawn unto the Saviour, and brought into that intimate alliance with him by faith, which brings down upon him both acceptance with the Father, and all the power of a new and a constraining impulse, to the way of obedience. But this movement is a suggestion of the Spirit of God; and if it be resisted by any man, the Spirit is resisted. The God who offers to draw him unto Christ, is resisted. The man refuses to believe, because his deeds are evil; and by every day of perseverance in these deeds, the voice which tells him of their guilt, and urges him to abandon them, is resisted—and thus the Spirit ceases to suggest, and the Father, from whom the Spirit proceedeth, ceases to draw, and the inward voice ceases to remonstrate—and all this because their authority has been so often put forth, and so often turned from. This is the deadly offence which has reared an impassable wall against the return of the obstinately impenitent. This is the blasphemy to which no forgiveness can be granted, because in its very nature, the man who has come this length, feels no movement of conscience towards that ground on which alone forgiveness can be awarded to him—and where it is never refused even to the very worst and most malignant of human iniquities. This is the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is not peculiar to any one age. It does not lie in any one unfathomable mystery. It may be seen at this day in thousands and thousands more, who, by that most familiar and most frequently exemplified of all habits, a habit of resistance to a sense of duty, have at length stifled it altogether, and driven their inward monitor away from them, and have sunk into a profound moral lethargy, and so will never obtain forgiveness—not because forgiveness is ever refused to any one who repent and believe the gospel, but because they have made their faith and their repentance impracticable. They choose not to repent—and this choice has been made so often and so perseveringly, that the Spirit has let them alone. They have obstinately clung to their love of darkness rather than of light, and the Spirit has at length turned away from them, since they will have it so. They wish not to believe, because their deeds are evil, and that Spirit has ceased to strive with them, who has so often spoken to them in vain—and whose many remonstrances have never prevailed upon them to abandon the evil of their doings."—pp. 330 to 332.

"And now for the interesting question,—How am I to know that I have committed this sin, that is said to be beyond the reach of forgiveness? We are sure, that the right solution of this question, if well understood, would go to dissipate all that melancholy which has been felt upon the subject, by many a bewildered inquirer. You cannot take a review of the years that are gone, and fetch up this mysterious sin to your remembrance out of the history of the sins that are past. There is not one of them, which, if turned away from, in the faith of that pardon that is through the blood of the atonement, there is not one of them beyond the reach of the great redemption of the Gospel. The sin against the Holy Ghost is not some awful and irrevocable deed, around which a disordered fancy has thrown its superstitious array, and which beams in deeper terror upon the eye of the mind, from the very obscurity by which it is encompassed. There ought to be no darkness and no mystery about it. The sin against the Holy Ghost is such a daring and obstinate rebellion against the prerogatives of conscience—that all its calls to penitency have been repelled—and all the urgency of its admonitions to flee to the offered Saviour, has been withstood—and all this obstinacy of resistance has been carried forward to such a point in the history of the unhappy man, that his conscience has ceased from the exercise of its functions; and the Holy Spirit has laid down his office of prompting it; and the tenderness of a beseeching God may be sounded in his ear—but unaccompanied as it is by that power which makes a willing and obedient people, it reaches not his sullen and inflexible heart. And instead, therefore, of looking for that sin among those imaginary few who mourn and are in distress, under an overwhelming sense of its enormity, I look for it to those thousands, who, trenched among the secularities of the world, or fully set on the mad career of profligacy, are posting their careless and infatuated way—and suffering Sabbaths and opportunities to pass over them—and turn with contempt from the foolishness of preaching—and hold up the iron front of insensibility against all that is appalling in the judgments of God—and cling to this perishable scene under the most touching experiences of its vanity—and walk their unfaltering path amid all the victims which mortality has strewn around them—and every year drink deeper into the spirit of the world—till the moral disease rises to such an inveteracy, that all the engines of conversion, unaided, as they are, by that peculiar force and demonstration which is from on high, fall powerless as infancy upon them, and every soul amongst them, sunk in torpor immoveable, will never, never, be made to know the power and the life of a spiritual resurrection."—pp. 339 to 341.

In the other Sermons included in this volume, the hand of a master is equally visible. The language is eloquent without being declamatory, and argumentative without being metaphysical. But, above all, the genuine piety which breathes through every sentence, and the ardent desire of the author to benefit the souls of his hearers, furnish for this volume its strongest recommendation. In a work of less moment, the neatness and elegance of the printing might be justly deemed worthy of notice. This, however, on the present occasion, almost disappears before the blaze of superior excellence, with which these pages abound.

REVIEW.—*The Star in the East, and other Poems. By Josiah Conder.* 12mo. pp. 207. *London. Taylor and Hessey.* 1824.

THE title of this book, though by no means inapplicable, appears before

us in rather an inauspicious light. When the Star of Dr. Buchanan rose in the east, the lustre which it threw over both hemispheres, proved that it was one of the first magnitude. Its brilliancy excited the attention of the Christian world; and although many years have elapsed since it mounted above the horizon, it still occupies a conspicuous place in the moral firmament, and continues to shine with undiminished brightness.

But notwithstanding the disadvantages under which Mr. Conder's Star appears, we can easily discern that it is capable of shining by its own inherent splendour. On many of its lines the image and superscription of true genius are deeply engraven, and we can only regret that the subject has not been extended to greater length, so as to occupy those parts of the volume, which are now devoted to detached and fugitive pieces. We do not mean to insinuate that these minor pieces are destitute of merit, but when compared with that article which gives a title to the volume, they appear diminutive and unimportant.

The Star in the East occupies about eighteen pages, to which are appended eight pages of notes, stating historical facts, and explaining numerous incidents that are alluded to in the poem, which embraces in its range a general survey of the church, and of the progress of Christianity, from the advent of the Messiah, to the universal establishment of his kingdom. Of the past vicissitudes, present fate, and future destiny of Jerusalem, the author thus speaks, and with this quotation we must take our leave of his work.—

"City of David! Thou art desecrate;
And fall'n Jerusalem sits captive now
In dust and darkness. Every holy one
Has long forsaken the polluted land.
Where stood the Cross, the avenger's ensign waved:
The Roman came, and thy proud temple fell.
The Pagan brought his idols: these displaced,
The mumming priests usurp'd the christen'd fane,
With stores of relics, crosses, holy wares,
And venal pardons; till the Saracen
Came in his might, with zeal iconoclast,
And swept away the unhallow'd trumpery.
Now—for the honour of the Prince of peace—
Europe pours forth her motley Christian hordes,
Frenzied with demon zeal, to plant anew
The red-cross banner on the guilty soil.
Again the nameless horrors of the siege
Were acted o'er. The conqueror blush'd to take
His golden crown, yet not refused the name,
King of Jerusalem. Brief the boast profane.
Again the crescent triumph'd. Palestine
Shook back into the sea the leaguer'd hosts
Of arm'd apostles, churchmen militant.
Then domes and minarets, with convent towers,
Again commingling rose. Then pilgrims came
Crouching to Turkish lords, and rival sects
Bargain'd and quarrell'd for the sepulchre.
Ineffable disgrace! Loathsome abuse
Of names and things most holy! Trodden down
By all in turn, Pagan, and Frank, and Tartar,—
So runs the dread anathema,—trodden down
Beneath the oppressor; darkness shrouding thee
From every blessed influence of heaven;
Thus hast thou lain for ages, iron-bound
As with a curse. Thus art thou doom'd to lie:
Yet not for ever."—p. 5 to 7.

REVIEW.—*A Discourse on Spirituality of Mind. By Joseph Fletcher, A.M. 8vo. p. 48. London. Westley.* 1824.

WE learn, from a prefatory address, that Chapel-street Meeting, in Blackburn, was the early scene of Mr. Fletcher's labours, and that after removing to the vicinity of London, he paid his former church and congregation a visit, when this sermon was delivered. At their request it was published; and to them it is dedicated in a few handsome and appropriate expressions.

The foundation of this discourse may be found in Romans viii. 5.—"They that are after the Spirit do mind the things of the Spirit;" and on it Mr. Fletcher has raised an admirable superstructure. It is formed of solid materials, strongly cemented together, without deviating from the rules of literary architecture, or borrowing from the paint-brush and burnisher, the delusive charms of artificial decoration.

The leading topics which fall under his consideration are—The origin of spiritual affection; its characteristic indication; the means by which it may be promoted; and, finally, its importance. These points are investigated through their subordinate branches with a considerable degree of intellectual energy, an earnest solicitude for the welfare of his hearers, and a warmth of piety that do equal honour to his head and his heart. This is no every-day sermon, and we think that the church and congregation of Blackburn will find in this discourse a permanent reason for remembering the visit of their former pastor.

REVIEW.—*The Anti-Swedenborg, &c. By G. Beaumont, resident Minister.* 12*mo. pp.* 156. *London. Baynes.* 1824.

IT is a difficult matter so to delineate madness, as to include all its branches in the definition of the term, without encroaching upon the province of common absurdity. Enthusiasm, in some of its reveries, seems to approach near its confines, and instances may be found in which they appear to enter into partnership. There can be no doubt that Baron Swedenborg was a very respectable visionary, whose powerful intellect breaking through all restraints, has immortalized his name by its ungovernable aberrations. His genuine piety few will presume to question; this has furnished him with a passport to travel on the stream of time, and we are as willing to give him credit for his sincerity as for his extravagance. It is not a matter of surprise that he should have many followers, when Joanna Southcott could muster a host of disciples, many of whom still retain their attachment to her doctrines, notwithstanding they have been falsified both by her life and death.

Some time in the year 1823, the Rev. Mr. Noble, a follower of the Baron, visited Norwich, and delivered a course of lectures on the views which that nobleman entertained of several important topics, embracing and defending his various peculiarities, which, in their issues and consequences, tend to subvert the generally received opinion of the whole Christian system. These lectures furnished the groundwork on which the present work takes its stand.

Mr. Beaumont, who is a resident minister in Norwich, shortly after the preceding lectures were delivered, undertook to controvert the principles which Mr. Noble had advanced. This was done in his own chapel to a crowded congregation, and the substance of his observations is now embodied in the volume before us.

The method which Mr. B. has adopted to expose the Baron's system, is chiefly by producing quotations from his own writings, accompanied with observations, pointing out their character and tendency. This plan we conceive to be the most effectual that he could have selected, for no language of his own would so fully have preserved the absurdity of the system, without being liable to the charge of having misrepresented the doctrines on which he animadverts. In this volume the author makes numerous appeals to scripture, and produces passage on passage to support his objections against the Baron's dreams. But all his efforts, we conceive, will prove totally unavailing to those who have submitted to their plenary inspiration. Such persons as can receive for truth the romantic fancies which appear in the quotations, must be proof against the authority of scripture, the decisions of reason, and the dictates of common sense.

The task which Mr. B. has undertaken, we consider to be of no ordinary difficulty. He has commenced an attack on a theological windmill, and if he has not succeeded in demolishing it, he has shewn that the reason is, because it is too intactible for any literary weapon. He has, however, dispersed, in no small degree, the delusive atmosphere with which it was surrounded, and illustrated its more objectionable branches by a copious appeal to those scriptures with which they stand contrasted.

REVIEW.—*On the Importance of Educating the Infant Poor, from the age of eighteen months to seven years. By S. Wilderspin.* 8*vo. pp.* 225. *Second Edition. London. Simpkin and Marshall.* 1824.

WE do not wonder that this work has reached a second edition. Those who have perused the first must be sensible of its value; and such as have read the second, will find that the principles on which the system is founded have been much developed, and, consequently, that the work has been considerably improved.

Mr. W. urges the necessity of infant education, from the constitutional character of the human mind;—from the instances of juvenile depravity with which the streets of the metropolis abound;—from the number that have been brought to punishment;—from the contagious influence of bad example;—and from the various accidents to which children are exposed, when suffered to roam at large. His observations appear to be well

founded, and calculated to carry conviction to every reflecting mind.

The rules which he lays down are liable to very few objections, and his plans of operation appear to be well adapted to the infant capacity. His methods, though simple in themselves, include much variety, but the branches being distinct, they create no confusion, nor is the mode of education which he adopts rendered complex by their introduction. In some respects a coincidence may be traced between the plans of Mr. W. and those of Bell and Lancaster, but in others the system is totally distinct.

The author of this work is the master of an Infant-school, which has been established for some time in Spitalfields, under the patronage of Joseph Wilson, Esq. of Battersea-rise, who, with a true spirit of patriotism, has devoted a portion of his fortune to its support. In this school, and in many others, the principles contained in this book have been reduced to practice, and the conduct and improvement of the children reflect an honour on the institution.

Independently of the details that are immediately connected with the school, the book contains numerous facts, incidents, and anecdotes, which shew the imperious necessity of adopting some method to prevent children from becoming thieves as soon as they quit their cradles. Whether the system reduced to practice by Mr. W. be the best that can be devised, those only who are acquainted with the extent of possibilities can determine. It appears to be superior to any other that has hitherto been carried from theory into actual operation, and we doubt not that it will continue to be crowned with increasing success.

Beneficial as a knowledge of letters may be, and although, to preserve children from the contamination of pernicious example, is incalculably advantageous, still Mr. W. considers these in only a secondary light. The mind is capable of being influenced by good or evil principles. The former, he very justly contends, must be implanted, and cherished with care, as nothing short of this can prevent the spontaneous growth of the latter. Justice, rectitude, virtue, and an attachment to truth, are uniformly inculcated, while the vices that disgrace human nature are discountenanced by every method that can be devised to render them odious. If schools of this description were numerously established in our more populous towns and districts, we doubt not, that these happy effects would be produced, which this system seems calculated to ensure.

REVIEW.—*Sacred Melodies, preceded by an Admonitory Appeal to Lord Byron, with other smaller Poems. By Mrs. J. H. R. Mott.* 8vo. *pp.* 124. *London. Westley.* 1824.

THE recent intelligence which has reached us, announcing the death of Lord Byron, to whom this admonitory appeal is addressed, presents an awful train of thought, which snatches the weapon from the hand of criticism, and gives birth to reflections more serious in their nature, and more momentous in their consequences, than literary opinions can ever supply. It is not, however, our province to violate the sanctuary of the dead, or to sit in judgment upon the tenants of the sepulchre. We shall, therefore,

"No longer seek their merits to disclose,
Nor draw their frailties from their dread abode,"

but leave the examination of motives and actions to a tribunal from whose decisions there can be no appeal.

Of the pious tendency of this work, and the pure intentions of the writer, we entertain no doubt; though we cannot avoid thinking that she has made more frequent visits to Geneva than Parnassus. This circumstance, however excellent in other views, we conceive, on the present occasion, to be ill-timed, and only calculated to defeat that object which the writer aimed to secure. Lord Byron was not a man likely to be captivated by the peculiarities of any sectarian creed, and more especially so, when its dogmas were placed before him with its more vulnerable parts exposed to view, and the whole system rendered questionable by injudicious treatment. The poetry in which this appeal is made contains many harmonious lines, and some easy expressions; but we find no coruscations of talent, no sparkling of thought, no depth of reflection.

The Sacred Melodies, in point of composition, can scarcely be said to rise above mediocrity; but through-

out the whole there is a vein of piety to be found, which more than compensates for many deficiencies. The great defect is, a want of vigour. The pulsations of genius beat but feebly through the stanzas, which languish from a want of life and energy. They require more of that animating principle, which should give a brisk circulation to the vital fluid, and cause healthful vitality to burst through every line. Poets that can attain to this superior excellence, rarely fail to fascinate their readers, and to lead them into a pleasing captivity.

REVIEW.—*The Spiritual Rambler.* 12*mo. pp.* 360. *London. Westley.* 1824.

IT would look like punning, were we to say that the author of the Spiritual Rambler possesses a rambling spirit. We may, however, safely assert, that it is highly diversified, without manifesting any versatility.

The papers in this volume were originally published as distinct tracts, and, as we are informed, attained an extensive circulation. Having entered the world in this form, it is not to be supposed that the various articles which the numbers contain, should have an immediate connexion one with another. Several of them, however, are closely linked, the same subject being continued through many succeeding sheets, while others appear in a detached form, sustaining the exalted character of independence.

There is one point, however, in which all the parts are evidently in contact, and that is in the evangelical truths which they uniformly inculcate. The author, whose name does not appear, informs us in a short preface, that "truth forms the basis of every narrative, and of every scene of description." For this assertion we are bound to give him the fullest credit, though we know not what proportion the foundation bears to the superstructure. We feel much disposed to suspect, that fiction has lent its aid in erecting the building, how true soever the delineations may appear, when compared with the realities of life.

But whether the narratives, incidents, and dialogues that are recorded, apply to persons or to characters, they are at once entertaining, interesting, and instructive. They introduce us to sprightly conversations, ingenuous discussions, and well supported arguments. They give to truth a captivating appearance, and a smiling countenance, investing her at the same time with undaunted firmness and an amiable spirit. With her spotless, but stern and unaccommodating behaviour towards those who disregard her dictates, the author seems well acquainted; and he has given proofs, that to the influence of the passions over degenerate human nature, and the manner in which virtuous principles are most successfully assailed by the votaries of pleasure, and the agents of infidelity, he is no stranger. This work is well written, and its obvious tendency is to do good.

REVIEW.—*Sabbaths at Home, intended for the use of Pious Persons when prevented from attending the Public Worship of God. By Henry March. Second Edition.* 8*vo. pp.* 272. *London. Holdsworth.* 1824.

MR. MARCH has selected for the basis of his dissertations, if such they may be termed, the forty-second and forty-third Psalms, and his great aim has been to unfold the momentous import of such passages as appear before him, and to expatiate on their spiritual and practical tendency. His work consists of ten chapters, to which he has prefixed the following titles:—"Desire, Mourning, Retrospection, Conflict, Anticipation, Expostulation, Reliance, Appeal, Intercession, Conquest." These appellations are derived from the subjects under immediate consideration; and the variety is as great, as the terms are diversified.

It must be obvious, from the title of this volume, "Sabbaths at Home," that its author primarily intended it for such as were prevented from attending places of public worship. This indeed he readily admits, but he reprehends in terms of just severity the conduct of those who avail themselves of vain pretences, and frivolous excuses, to neglect the established means of grace. On this point his observations are unequivocal and energetic, being founded on an appeal to the authority of the word of God. Experimental and practical godliness

are the great doctrines which he inculcates, and this not in a cold, distant, and desultory manner, but with a degree of fervour which proves that "he is serious in a serious cause."

The important truths which this volume contains, are not restricted to sect or party: by those who spend their Sundays at home, and such as join in the public solemnities of devotion, this book may be perused with much advantage; and few, we conceive, will complain that they have wasted their time in examining its pages.

REVIEW.—*Sequel to the Grammar of Sacred History, &c. By Mary Ann Rundall.* 12*mo. pp.* 200. *London. Whittaker.* 1824.

THIS book contains a paraphrase on the Epistles and Gospels for every Sunday throughout the year, with explanatory notes; to which is prefixed an illustration of the Liturgy, and a paraphrase on the Catechism of the Church of England.

In this little work Mrs. Rundall has displayed an intimate acquaintance with the service of our Establishment, into the various branches of which she enters with much affection, that seems every where to be accompanied with an enlightened understanding. The connexion which subsists between its parts, she points out with much precision and discrimination, developing the wisdom of those by whom it was framed, and placing the compilation in an amiable and interesting light.

In her paraphrase on the Catechism, Mrs. Rundall has endeavoured to obviate those objections which are generally urged against some particular expressions which it contains. In several instances she has been successful, but in others the stone still remains to be rolled away.

"The paraphrase on the Epistles and Gospels is chiefly taken from the Rev. William Gilpin's Exposition of the New Testament;" so that to those who are acquainted with his writings, its merits will be sufficiently obvious. When either the epistle or gospel is a continuation of a discourse or of a subject previously begun, it is introduced by some prefatory observations, to make the sense complete. These preliminary observations are very concise, but in general they are satisfactory.

The notes are copious and appropriate, having been judiciously selected from authors of acknowledged celebrity. As an explanation of the church service, this work is well arranged, and promises to be useful, but beyond the atmosphere of the Establishment it can excite no interest and claim no recommendation.

REVIEW.—*New Sacred Melodies, 5th Edition: A Supplement to the above, 2d Edition: Worship, a Piece suitable for Anniversaries. The whole composed and arranged for Four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ, Piano Forte, &c. By W. J. White, St. Alban's. London. Fisher, Newgate-street.*

WE cordially unite with our contemporaries in their opinion of Mr. White's melodies. Tunes better calculated to inspire a congregation with feelings of true devotion, have seldom been seen or heard. Most of them are distinguished for their simplicity and classic harmony; and there are others of a bold and vigorous character, which are well adapted for the words to which they are set. We were particularly charmed with the animating airs of Salutation, Rapture, and Judgment, pages 24, 42, and 76. And the lovers of plaintive harmony will be delighted with the beautiful commencement to Lapland,—with Asia, Sprowston Lodge, and particularly with Solicitation, pages 26, 18, 44, and 68. Of the piece entitled "Worship," we are disposed to speak respectfully. The duet, "Let all your sacred passions move," is very pleasing. The trio "All that have motion," &c. is well managed, and the close of the "Hallelujah Chorus" is scientifically grand. We can cheerfully recommend these volumes, as well meriting the patronage of the religious public.

REVIEW.—*The Pastor of Blamont; an authentic Narrative.* 18*mo. pp.* 106. *London. Baynes.* 1824.

THIS is a pleasing narrative, which, though not destitute of incident, obtains its chief recommendation from the piety, sufferings, and triumphant death of Mr. Nardin, whose pastoral biography it records. It is a little volume,

equally adapted for a juvenile library, a new-year's present, or a reward-book for a Sunday School. Its concluding pages contain a sermon written by the subject of this narrative, entitled "Consolation under Afflictions." In this discourse the principles are laid down which were so fully exemplified in his life and death.

REVIEW.—*Thoughts of a Parent on Education.* 12mo. pp. 98. *London. Darton, Harvey, & Co. Gracechurch-street.* 1823.

THIS little work is far superior to most that we have seen on this subject, both in style and sentiment. We know nothing of the author but through this tract, and in this he has evinced an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, a solicitude for the rising generation, and an admirable talent for accomplishing the task in which he has engaged.

ON THE PREVAILING BUT PERNICIOUS CUSTOM OF PAYING WAGES ON THE SATURDAY EVENING.

MR. EDITOR.

SIR,—There are a few persons employing mechanics, or other workmen, who are accustomed to pay their wages on the Friday evening. This plan, it would seem, has never engaged the attention, which, upon a closer examination, I am persuaded it would evidently appear to deserve. To pay wages on the Friday, instead of the Saturday evening, would form no inconsiderable advantage to the workmen receiving them, as, in that case, there would be the whole of Saturday for purchasing those articles of food and clothing which might be wanted for themselves and their families.

But, besides this, were the plan alluded to generally adopted, it would, in all probability, produce a most important change as to those shopkeepers and dealers whose chief business it is to furnish goods for the use of labouring people. Instead of having the principal part of their business to transact from about seven o'clock to twelve on the Saturday evening, much, no doubt, would be done on the Friday evening, and during the former part of Saturday. Perhaps no person who has not been actually engaged in a situation of this kind, in some one of the manufacturing districts, can form an adequate conception of the fatiguing bustle which some shopkeepers are obliged to undergo on the Saturday evening, whose transactions of business, it may be, during the rest of the week, are something

"Like angel visits,—few, and far between."

To a person thus circumstanced, wishing to discharge the duties and to enjoy the privileges of the Lord's day, the consequences produced by the exertions of the preceding evening, and the lateness of the hour at which, of course, he will have retired to rest, must be painful indeed.

In addition to this, the hurry and bustle which the prevailing period of paying wages in our more populous districts necessarily occasions, afford a most favourable opportunity for persons of a dishonest disposition; and no doubt many a worthy shopkeeper has suffered severely from this circumstance.

It is also well known that there are many who receive their wages on a Saturday night at too late an hour to purchase what they really want.—Hence, their ordinary traffic is postponed until the morning of the succeeding day; by which means the sabbath is profaned, an attendance on public worship is neglected, and what was by divine appointment set apart as a season of rest, is metamorphosed into a market-day.

In many of our large manufacturing towns, it is painful to observe to what an extent business is carried on, from perhaps seven in the morning, until about eleven, on the Lord's day. The shops of butchers, of bakers, of greengrocers, of flour dealers, of pork sellers, and many others, are continually open during these hours, and crowded with customers, many of whom would have supplied their wants on the preceding day, if they could have received their wages in proper time.

It is useless to enact laws for the better observance of the Lord's day, and to complain of such as buy and sell, while those with whom the cause of these evils originates, remain without an admonition. It is in the power of the employer to remove the occasion of this nuisance, and of the outrage offered to public morals. When this is done, offenders may be repre-

hended with justice, and their conduct will be left without excuse. It cannot be for the interest of shopkeepers to serve their customers on a Sunday, if they would come on the preceding day; and I doubt not that they would heartily rejoice to be totally exempted from that drudgery to which their interest now tempts them to submit.

Knowing that your magazine has a very extended circulation, I beg respectfully to recommend the subject of this paper to the very serious consideration of all "who profess and call themselves Christians;" and who regard, as one part of the great business of life, the promotion of the welfare of society, as far as their exertions and influence can possibly extend. W. ELLERBY.

Windsor, April 25, 1824.

WORLDLY ENJOYMENTS INCAPABLE OF AFFORDING TRUE HAPPINESS.

THERE is no notion more prevalent amongst the mass of mankind, than that the concerns of this world are capable of supplying those of the next, in making us happy. This may perhaps appear a bold assertion; but, if we look at the line of conduct which the gay part of our fellow-creatures pursue, we find that it is founded on truth. Let a worldly person complain to one of his own cast that he is miserable, he will flippantly tell him to mix more in gay company, and encourage him to waste that time in dissipation, in which, if rightly counselled, he should be humbled into the dust before his Maker. The man probably follows this foolish advice, and endeavours to be as gay as his fellows: but, alas! he finds the world is, to him, even more disgusting than before. Little, perhaps, did his jovial companion imagine that he was leading him far away from true happiness, and directing him into the road of everlasting destruction!

The man, who, finding himself unhappy, endeavours, by partaking the dissipations and amusements of life, to drive dull care away, to stifle remorse, and deaden the stings of a guilty conscience, will discover, in addition to his simple disappointment, that the method he pursues, rather increases than diminishes his sorrow. I have frequently had occasion to observe with what mortified disgust a person of this character has returned from the gay assembly, the brilliant drawing-room, and the merry dance; constrained, in the bitterness of his soul, to pronounce that emphatic criticism on worldly pleasures, "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*"

Let the rude hand of death snatch away from a family one of these "lovers of pleasure, more than of God," and we hear the relatives, whilst weeping over the death-bed of a father, a mother, a brother, or a sister, exclaim, in the agony of their souls, whilst constrained to be aware of their folly, in some such words as,—"Oh, world! why couldest thou not have saved so dear a relation?" Does the world comfort and console them? Alas! it scorns and derides their appeals! Sourly and scoffingly it pulls off the mask under which it had deluded them, and appears in its proper light, as vain, deceptive, and empty. This every one must expect who listens to the counsels of the world.

Had God created him for no other purpose than to live on this earth, and when he quitted it, to be annihilated, then, indeed, man would be justified in paying his court to this world, and to this only; and his anxiety to lay up and enjoy the good things of this life, without thinking of another, would then be proper.—But this is not the case: his mortal state is but a probationary stage, a prelude to his future existence; and in this state of trial it is in his power to choose whether his future existence shall be eternally miserable or happy.

Immortality can be satisfied with nothing short of immortality; infinity, than with infinity. Therefore, the soul of man, which is immortal, cannot be content with the things of this life, which, being mortal and finite, shall all pass away. Were we not under some strange infatuation, we should never think that worldly things could supply the place of heavenly. In conducing to our happiness, they were created merely to serve the purposes of our lowest inclinations and desires; but, instead of viewing them in this light, they are substituted by us for the noble, the sublime pleasures, of immortality and heaven! Like silly children, we prefer the gratifications of the moment, although paltry and insignificant, to

future rewards, however great or desirable they may be.

Let us reflect, too, that for the sins of yesterday, punishment is laid up in store for us; and that, for to-day's transgression, that punishment is doubled. Alas! we find even here, the gnawing worm which will not let us rest; which will not let us enjoy the paltry pleasures so dearly bought, at the expense of our future happiness, without intermingling them with bitterness and sorrow.

4, *City-road.* S. W.

CHARACTER OF THE CELEBRATED JOHN TOLAND.

The excessive vanity of this infidel was remarked by the celebrated Mr. Molyneux, in a letter to Locke from Dublin, in 1697: "Truly" says he, "to be free, I do not think his management, since he came into this city, has been so prudent. He has raised against him the clamours of all parties; and this not so much by his difference of opinion, as by his unseasonable way of discoursing, propagating, and maintaining it. Coffee-houses and public tables are not proper places for serious discourses, relating to the most important truths: but when also a tincture of vanity appears in the whole course of a man's conversation, it disgusts many that may otherwise have a due value for his parts and learning."

It was not much to be wondered that a man of this stamp should create himself enemies, and especially when his conduct in other respects was grossly irregular. Mr. Molyneux, in another letter, says, "Mr. Toland is at last driven out of our kingdom: the poor gentleman, by his imprudent management, had raised such a universal outcry, that it was even dangerous for a man to have been known once to converse with him, insomuch that at last he wanted a meal's meat, as I am told, and none would admit him to their tables. The little stock of money which he brought into this country being exhausted, he fell to borrowing from any one that would lend him half-a-crown; and he ran in debt for his wigs, clothes, and lodging, as I am informed."

But Molyneux might have added, that it was not so much the infidelity of Toland which occasioned this treatment, as his dishonesty; for, according to Mr. Skelton, in his "Deism Revealed," he could not be invited to a gentleman's house without carrying away a silver spoon, or any other valuable article that came in his way; and having been detected in one of these thefts, he thought proper to decamp with all speed.

After this he became a spy for the Whigs, who sent him to Hanover, where he was in high favour with the Electress Sophia; that princess being well known to entertain the loosest opinions in religion. From Hanover, Toland went to the court of Berlin, and experienced a very flattering reception from the queen, who was fond of the conversation of men of learning.

One Sunday, in October 1701, her majesty invited Beausobre, the celebrated French minister, to meet Toland in her apartment. On his arrival, the queen said, "M. Beausobre, here is a stranger who attacks the pillars of our faith, and even calls in question the authority of the scriptures." Beausobre behaved very courteously, and did what he could to avoid that contest which Toland wished to provoke. The minister observed, that these bold opinions, which might be excusable in youth, should be restrained within the limits of prudence when men advanced in years. Toland, notwithstanding this hint, was eager for disputation; and the queen was no less anxious to promote a conflict. Beausobre throughout acted entirely upon the defensive; while the sceptic, with his wonted daring, attacked the canon of scripture, and called the resurrection a natural fact. "What, Monsieur," said Beausobre, "do you reckon the revival of a person from death, a natural fact?" To this Toland replied, "that the crucifixion was not attended with death." The queen, astonished at this piece of impudence, interposed, and said very properly, "If that be so, then all historic evidence is at an end!" Toland died March 11, 1722.

ANSWER TO A QUERY ON THE FOREKNOWLEDGE OF ANGELS.

T. G. has asked, col. 208,—"How far have we any reason to suppose that angels are possessed of foreknowledge?"——In the first place, I remark, that foreknowledge, of course, is the act of perceiving things in futurity. This may be of two kinds, or perceived

in two ways: in the first place, by an instantaneous act of the mind, without taking into consideration the preceding circumstances, or the causes on which it depends: in the second place, by a regular train of reasoning, and by observation on facts existing, and judging therefrom the future existence of other things.

The first sort belongs only to Deity, who views things past, present, and to come, as they are in themselves, without any introduction to them from their preceding causes.

The second sort belongs to man, to angels, and indeed, in a certain degree, so far as our observations extend, to all created beings. It is dependent on experience and reasoning. We will begin with the lowest.—Animals that are termed irrational, have impressed on their memory certain trains or connexions of circumstances.—These afterwards arise, and produce a sort of foreknowledge. The first link of that chain, or one similar to it, is perceived by the senses, and by a regular association of ideas, the principle of perception is carried on to the conclusion; so that when one circumstance occurs, it can judge or foreknow the conclusion.

We may rise from animals to intelligent beings, and consider man. Here we see something superior. In addition to that mechanical association possessed by the lower species, they have the power of extending their observation, and taking into the calculation other things that are merely probable, and thus, by *analogy*, they have the power of foreknowing.

Proceeding, in this way, to angels, we may conclude that they possess also the faculty of knowing by association. They remember the connexion of circumstances which they have before experienced, and judge of the termination when the first species again comes to view. They remember also the result of their contemplations, their examinations into things, their speculations, and the probable result of occurrences. They possess that power, in common with man, of connecting the first and last links of a series in the memory, and thus, by a prompt method, perceive the termination by glancing at the commencement. They, without doubt, also receive communications direct from the Almighty. Indeed, they have, perhaps, just the same kind of foreknowledge as man, only they have it in a more perfect degree. Their minds being superior, they are able to judge with precision; and what with us may be very obscure and difficult, may with them be foreseen with clearness. Indeed, the very sort of foreknowledge which we often attribute to the Almighty, may be the kind which belongs to angels. We have no means of judging, except by analogy with our own powers; and what we ascribe to God, very often, is nothing more than the human method in high perfection. With the principle of thought, we connect some ideal image in which thought resides; thus we get into a method of judging of the Almighty by a finite form, instead of contemplating him as destitute of form, and as filling all space. We thus analogically attribute to Him, merely, what we consider as the most perfect method of foreknowing upon *our own* plan, and this, as we have said before, may be the sort really attributable to angels.

I have hinted that there are but two ways of looking at future events,—and these are by perceiving them immediately and unconnected, or by a slower method, and preceded by other events. The former must be a perfect method, as it is above the laws of causes and effects, and belongs therefore only to an uncaused Being. The latter must belong to all created intelligences, as there is no other sort which they can possess. This sort then belongs to angels; but the foreknowledge of angels is, in its nature, *imperfect*, being dependent for its existence on *divine communications, experience*, and *reasoning*.

Q.

ANSWER TO A QUERY ON ECLIPSES.

Sir,—In reply to the above query, (inserted col. 400,) I would beg to observe, that there is a small and useful work, by Blyth Hancock, published by Crouse, of Norwich, treating expressly on the doctrine of these striking exhibitions of nature; containing rules for their calculation and projection; "whereby any person of a moderate capacity may be able, in a short time, to solve those grand and sublime astronomical problems." It contains tables fitted to the meridian of Greenwich.

London, May, 1824. W. N.

GLEANINGS;—RELIGIOUS, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Widow of the late Mr. Smith, Missionary.

In our last number, col. 493, we announced the arrival of this unfortunate woman, who, in the colony of Demerara, has been severely persecuted in the person of her husband. To mitigate his sufferings, and administer to his necessities, she took up her abode with him in the common jail. Here she kept her ground, until death released her from the discharge of duty, by putting a period to his calamities, and wafting his spirit to a region, "where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest."

When his mortal remains were consigned to the house appointed for all living, she was forbidden to follow his corpse to the grave. This mandate, however, she evaded, by repairing to the sepulchre before the funeral train arrived, that she might witness the interment, which took place at an unusually early hour. Returning to her home, she immediately prepared to depart from these inhospitable shores; and having embarked, in company with Mrs. Elliott, who had been her friend and companion in all her distresses, she reached England in safety, just before the commencement of the annual meetings, which took place in the month of May.

Arriving in London, she was received with all that sympathy, and condoling affection, which every sufferer in the cause of the Gospel has a right to expect from all Christian communities. In company with her friends, she has attended several public meetings; and the marked attention by which she has been distinguished, has furnished a convincing proof, how much public feeling has been interested in her favour.

To some few, who wish to see the negro's chains more firmly rivetted, this display of sympathy and condolence has not been altogether gratifying; but the tide of popular opinion, their puny efforts have been too feeble to withstand. One of our public prints, remarkable for the coarseness of its observations, its proficiency in calling names, using abusive epithets, and advocating the cause of inhumanity, has indirectly paid its court to a body of Christians, in order to detach them from the interest they have taken in the fate of Mr. Smith. But they cannot forget the language of the same paper towards themselves during the late occurrences at Barbadoes; nor can they be weak enough to relinquish the common cause of missionaries, to escape the anathemas of a Bull, whether issued from the vatican, or fulminating without papal authority.

To the fate of Mr. Smith, in most of the missionary meetings held lately in London, some allusions have been made; and it is remarkable, that although, on many occasions, the conduct of his persecutors has called forth some pointed expressions of disapprobation, not a single individual has been found, to advocate the cause of that *criminal justice* which sentenced him to die. In public opinion it stands gibbeted on the column of infamy, bearing an inscription, which, like the gallows designed by Haman for the execution of Mordecai, serves to perpetuate the names of those by whom it was erected.

On Thursday, the 13th of May, a sermon was preached at Tottenham-court Chapel, by the Rev. Edward Irving, in behalf of the London Missionary Society. The chapel was crowded to excess. The sermon was exceedingly long, but it was not more protracted than excellent. With a request to print this discourse, we have been told, the reverend gentleman has complied; and, with a degree of liberality that does him much honour, we learn that he intends to present the profits of the publication to Mrs. Smith.

Anniversaries of Benevolent Institutions.

The month of May has, for several years past, furnished a season of religious festivity. This, in general, is confined to the metropolis; but hither the tribes repair from all parts of the island, and sometimes individuals are allured even from foreign lands. The same spirit indeed which breathes through these public meetings in London, may easily be found diffused throughout the country; but, in general, the more distant associations take place somewhat earlier, by which means preparations are made for the anticipated result.

On former occasions, before these annual meetings became so numerous as they now are, we were enabled to give some distinct account of each; but this method we now find to be nearly impracticable. A short history of these associations, with a statement of their procedure, and the distinct objects which they have in view, would nearly fill all the pages of our magazine, especially if the names of the chairmen and speakers were simply added; even without noticing their speeches, or making any observations on the zeal and ardour which they displayed.

The anniversaries of benevolent institutions of every kind, held in the metropolis, are not much short of fifty in number; and if to these we add the annual sermons to which these anniversaries give birth, they will nearly double the amount. Of these institutions, the greater part have some literary vehicle through which they communicate to the public an account of their respective proceedings; and by these accumulated means, the character of all is fully brought into notice. Standing on the ground of independence, and being under the control of no particular party, our observations should be general in their character, and impartial in their application.

The three primary objects which, on these occasions, benevolence aims to promote, are: schools for the instruction of children,—the circulation of the Scriptures, both at home and abroad,—and the establishment of missions in foreign lands. Each of these has its particular class of advocates; but the same spirit of benevolence pervades all ranks, from the exalted stations occupied by royalty, down through the gradations of grandeur, to the cottager and the mechanic. In the supporters of these several institutions, the same vigorous pulsations of genuine philanthropy are perceptible; and although they seem to aim at distinct objects, instead of being rival establishments, they mutually assist each other by their harmonious co-operation.

Christianity is a religion of true benevolence, and in no portion of the globe are its effects so apparent as in those countries where it puts forth its energies free from all civil and ecclesiastical restraints. Among the nations of Europe, Great Britain stands without a rival in the enjoyment of this privilege, and in no other kingdom is benevolence so generally diffused. Year after year appeals have been made to the liberality of an enlightened public, and its springs still remain unexhausted.

When several of these anniversaries were held, the weather was unusually severe, on some days the rain falling without any intermission. But notwithstanding this forbidding circumstance, they were most numerously attended by congregations highly respectable; and the liberality that was manifest, furnished a convincing proof, that something more powerful than mere novelty, operated upon the public mind. Scarcely an instance occurred in which the collections were less than on former occasions, and on most they were greatly exceeded. Taken in the aggregate, they stand unprecedented, and thus furnish a pleasing presage that they will still increase.

Of the benefits resulting from these benevolent establishments, many interesting accounts were given by the various speakers, so that scarcely a doubt can be entertained, that the mighty engines are at work, through which God is about to effect a moral revolution in the world, by causing his gospel to spread from continent to continent, and from shore to shore, till all flesh shall see his great salvation.

Throughout these meetings a spirit of devotion, and of conscious dependence upon God, was evidently conspicuous; and the acknowledgment was universal, that the success which appeared, was not the effect of human penetration or energy. All admitted, that men are but instruments in the hands of the Almighty Agent, whose Holy Spirit works through the appointed means, and to this alone the glory was ascribed.

Since these institutions have been established, much has been done; but, from the moral condition of the world, much more still remains. At home, missionaries are wanted in numerous villages, where vice and ignorance prevail, and, in foreign countries, some hundreds of millions, the victims of delusion, who either worship idols, or sacrifice to Moloch with hands dyed in blood, present spectacles that excite compassion. The facts and incidents detailed awakened much sympathy, and called forth some of the best feelings of renovated human nature. The necessity of continued exertions in the cause of Christian benevolence, was seen and acknowledged by all; and pledges were given, that, according to the means possessed by those present, the work should not languish for the want of pecuniary support.

Under circumstances so auspicious, both faith and hope may expect the divine blessing; and, so far as analogy can be taken as a guide, past successes may be considered as a presage of what may be anticipated. The path of duty is marked out by unerring wisdom. In this Christians are called to walk, and to leave events to God.

Death of Lord Byron.

Before this article can reach the hands of our readers, it will be known to most, that this nobleman is no more. The announcement of his death excited some attention, but it created a much less general and strong sensation than might have been expected, from the fame of his writings, and the celebrity attached to his name. For this, several reasons may be assigned. New objects daily arise, to eclipse those which preceded them; nothing can occupy the attention long; that which is past, constantly gives place to that which is future; and, among Lord Byron's warmest admirers, multitudes may be found who do not like to think of death, either in retrospection or anticipation.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was the grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron, who circumnavigated the globe. His father, an eccentric and dissipated character, married a Miss Gordon of Aberdeenshire, who became the mother of the poet in January, 1788. In early life his constitution was weakly, and one of his feet being deformed, occasioned a lameness which he could never overcome. His first rudiments of education were received at a grammar school in Aberdeen, whence he was removed at the age of ten, at which time he succeeded to the titles and estates of his ancestors, by the death of his great-uncle. From Aberdeen he was taken to Harrow, and placed under the tuition of Dr. Drury, where he remained six years, on the expiration of which he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge.

At the age of nineteen, he published his "Hours of Idleness," which being severely criticized in the Edinburgh Review, called forth his "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers," under the castigation of which his assailants still continue to smart. On coming of age, Lord Byron, in company with Mr. Hobhouse, visited the coasts of the Mediterranean, Greece, and Turkey. In 1815, he married the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, by whom he had one daughter; but an unhappy rupture taking place in the family, was succeeded by their separation, and his Lordship quitted England under feelings which can confer no honour on his memory.

Having traversed various parts of the continent, Lord Byron took up his residence in Italy, from which he repaired to Greece, being charmed with the noble efforts made by the inhabitants to shake off the Turkish yoke. Towards the end of March, or beginning of April, he took a severe cold, which led to an inflammation, that terminated in his death on the 19th of April, 1824. His medical attendant had anticipated danger prior to this event, but his Lordship refused to submit to what was thought advisable, until it was too late. His mortal remains will be brought to England for interment, but in what place is yet uncertain. One report has assigned his body a niche in Westminster Abbey; and another, a particular spot in the churchyard at Harrow, said to have been of his own selection. His title devolves on his cousin Anson Byron, a captain in the Royal Navy; but this will be accompanied with little or no wealth, his property, which is said to have been about £7000 per annum, going to Lady Byron, which will aug-

ment her income to £10,000 a year. The high estimation in which his Lordship was held by the Greeks, whose cause he espoused, may be gathered from the following public testimonial:—

"PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

"The present days of festivity are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all. Lord Noel Byron departed this life to-day, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days. During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of age or sex, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter. The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake, when circumstances should require it. His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of every one, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor. Until the dispositions of the national government, regarding this most calamitous event, be known, by virtue of the decree of the legislature, No. 314, of date the 15th October,

"*It is ordained*, 1. To-morrow, by sun-rise, thirty-seven minute guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage. 2. All public offices, including all courts of justice, shall be shut for three following days. 3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary in these days, all sorts of festivities and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the abovenamed period. 4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one days. 5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

"A. MAVROCORDATO.
"GIORGIO PRAIDI, *Secretary.*
"*Missolonghi*, 19*th April* 1824.

Among his Lordship's literary productions, "Childe Harold; The Giaour; The Corsair; The Bride of Abydos; Lara; Prisoner of Chillon; Manfred; Darkness; Lament of Tasso; Mazeppa; Beppo; Cain; Don Juan, &c." are the principal. Of these works, the public have already formed their opinion; an opinion which time may alter, but which present criticism cannot shake. No one doubts that they contain luminous displays of splendid talents, varying however, in their degrees of brightness, and the vividness of their coruscations. But whether this splendour of intellect, and gaiety of attire, be sufficient to compensate for that moral pestilence with which several of his compositions are saturated, and which can scarcely be touched without contamination, there can be no division of sentiments among those "whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour." On the tide of time they have already begun to float; but whether, after having been borne on its stream so long as the works of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope have been, they will be as buoyant as the works of these authors are now, must be left to the judgment of posterity.

Whichelo's Large Picture, 22 feet by 14, exhibiting the Destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, at Dobbs and Co.'s, 13, Soho-square.

England is not more renowned in war, than celebrated for cultivating the arts of peace. When the demon of discord, of late years, disturbed the tranquillity of nations, Great Britain poured forth her fleets and armies, and displayed her prowess on the ocean, and in the field. Her arms were every where ultimately triumphant, and to her power and counsels the world is indebted for repose.

On the return of peace, her energies were directed to expeditions of discovery, to improvements in agriculture, to the extension of commerce, and to the cultivation of the arts. Among the latter, painting and sculpture have flourished under her fostering care; and hence our exhibition-rooms have been enriched with the development of genius, and the display of talent, which will ever distinguish the auspicious reign of George the Fourth.

Whichelo's large picture imbodies an historical representation of awful facts, which, from their singularity, remarkable incidents, and the accomplishment of prophecy, can never be blotted from the records of mankind. The melancholy spectacle is placed before the eye of the observer in all its grandeur, which, among other subordinate scenes, contains the following distinct particulars:—

The Romans, having demolished the first and second Walls, obtained possession of the second enclosure, and with unbounded fury assaulted the third or inner wall, and Tower of Antonio, which had communication with the magnificent Piazzas of the Temple; but the Jews, to preserve that sacred edifice, destroyed the communication by setting fire to the Piazzas. This is the period which the artist has chosen for the display of this grand, but awful subject.

The spectator is supposed to be upon the ruins of the second Wall, looking southward—the Tower of Antonio, the Temple, and the flaming Cloisters being directly before him. The Roman army is represented as engaged in fierce conflict with the Jews; and Titus, on horseback, giving his orders, attended by his Officers, and by the illustrious historian Josephus, whom he had taken prisoner, and treated with the greatest kindness and regard. Upon the right of the Picture is the great Road, leading from the second Wall to the Temple, whither thousands of wretched Jews are flying for refuge; while in front, the famished, the dying, and the dead are detailed in groups of frightful disorder. On the east (the spectator's left hand) is the Mount of Olives, with which are associated recollections of the highest interest.

Here the ceremony of burning the red heifer was performed; and upon the top of it were the lights or beacons, to give notice of the new moon: hither King David ascended on foot, with ashes on his head, when driven from Jerusalem by the rebellion of his son Absalom: and from hence, having finished the

work of our redemption, Our Saviour ascended into heaven. At the foot of the mount was Gethsemane and its Garden, whither Jesus often resorted with his disciples; and here, under the weight of our sins, he endured that agony, in which the sacred historians inform us, "he sweat great drops of blood, falling down to the ground;" and it was in this Garden that the wretched Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss.

Between the Mount of Olives and the City, is the Brook Kedron, whose channel, except in winter, and during heavy rains, is generally left dry.

A little to the west of Antonio is seen, in the distance, the native city of King David, called Bethlehem—the House of Bread; where also, in the fulness of time, Christ, the bread of life, was born, and gave light and life to the world; and here the wise men, directed by a star, came and offered their adorations, their gold, frankincense, and myrrh, to the infant Saviour.

Farther to the west is the Fortress and Palace of the City of David, or Mount Zion, which Josephus calls the Upper City; between which and the spectator is part of the Lower City, or Daughter of Zion.

Proceeding still westward, and without the walls of that City, we arrive at Mount Calvary, or Golgotha, that is, the Place of a Skull; so called, as some suppose, from its fancied resemblance to a skull; or because criminals were executed there; or, perhaps, because the mount contained sepulchral caverns for the dead. Being too precipitate for direct ascent, the road to its summit was circuitous: hither Our Saviour carried his Cross; and, being led as a lamb to the slaughter, he offered himself for our sins, a sacrifice to God, without spot or blemish.

In this representation the elevations are awfully grand, and the light reflected from the burning piazzas against the walls of the Temple is strikingly magnificent, while the ascending flames, mingled with smoke, consummate the general sublimity of the spectacle. The perspective is well preserved, every object retaining its magnitude, in proportion to its distance from the spectator's eye; and, over all, the appearance of the sky has an admirable effect. The animation inspired by the hopes of victory in the invading soldiers, the alarm and consternation occasioned among the Jews by the increasing devastations, the varied countenances and positions of the famished inhabitants, of the wounded, the dying, and the dead, are well preserved. This picture was begun about Christmas last, and is now open for inspection.

Distribution of Prizes by the Society of Arts, &c.

On Wednesday, the 26th ult. a large concourse of persons, among whom were many of high respectability, assembled at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, to witness the distribution of Rewards that had been previously adjudged to the respective candidates, by "the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," established in the Adelphi. His royal highness the Duke of Sussex, who is president of this society, took the chair about one o'clock, amidst the plaudits of a full house, and while the band were playing "God save the King." This being finished, he addressed the assembly on the occasion of their meeting, and the objects of the institution. The report was then read, in which the motives were developed by which the committee had been guided in making their various awards, and the reasons which had induced them to distinguish particular productions of utility and art, by the more valuable marks of their approbation.

The successful candidates, amounting in number to 147, were then called in regular succession, as their names stood on a printed list. To several of these his Royal Highness paid many handsome compliments, intimating that the prizes were to be considered as tokens of distinguished merit, and as an encouragement to future exertions.

On delivering to Henry Blyth, Esq. of Burnham, Norfolk, the large gold medal, for embanking 253 acres of marsh land from the sea, his Royal Highness observed,—that he "had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with the meritorious individual then standing before him, and therefore knew that his efforts and successes were well deserving this particular notice; and that to Mr. Blyth it might hereafter afford some pleasing recollections, that the medal was presented to the proprietor of the Sussex farm (the name of his estate) by the Duke of Sussex."

Mr. D. Pasmore being called to receive two silver palettes, one for an historical subject in pencil, and the other for a head in chalk, a poor lad, about 12 years of age, made his appearance, dressed in the costume of charity, but in every respect clean and neat. On delivering to him these rewards, the Duke observed, that "he was glad to find the lad had turned his attention to subjects apparently above his station, and had given evidence of talents which expectation could not have anticipated;—that persevering in that line in which he had thus distinguished himself, he had no doubt, notwithstanding his present situation, that he would hereafter become one of the greatest men in this country."

Two persons, who were deaf and dumb, received prizes, and some others, both boys and girls, that were mere children, stood in the honourable list. On all these his Royal Highness made many judicious and pointed remarks, which were received with enthusiasm by the surrounding auditors. The whole exhibited a pleasing spectacle, with which every one present appeared to be highly delighted.

The subjects for which rewards were assigned were,—in agriculture and rural economy; chemistry; original oil paintings; copies in oil; original paintings in water colours; copies in water colours; original drawings in chalk, pencil, and Indian ink; copies in ditto; drawings from statues and busts; models in plaster; copies of ditto; architecture; drawings of machines; engravings; in manufactures; in mechanics; in colonies, and trade. Of these an account will be published in the next volume of the society's Transactions.

At the conclusion, his Royal Highness again addressed the company on the utility and advantages resulting from this institution, which had already called forth talents of an exalted order, and which could hardly fail to excite

further emulation. When he withdrew, the band again played "God save the King." The meeting, which was highly interesting, broke up about a quarter past three.

Fatal Aerostation.

On Tuesday, May the 25th ult. about twenty minutes past four, Mr. Harris, a new but unfortunate candidate for aeronautic fame, accompanied by a lady, ascended in a balloon from the garden of the Eagle Tavern, City-road, amidst the huzzas of a vast concourse of people. The machine rose in a majestic style, took a southwardly direction, and remained in full view nearly a quarter of an hour, when, having attained a considerable elevation, it entered a cloud, and disappeared.

Prior to his departure, it appears that Mr. Harris had given his friends to understand that he intended to return and take supper with them within about two hours. But that time having elapsed, and no intelligence of his descent arriving, several became alarmed for his safety. At length secret information was communicated that some disaster had befallen the adventurers, in consequence of which a gentleman hastened to the place that had been mentioned, and found the report most awfully realized. The result of his inquiry was exhibited the following morning, on a placard, in the window of the Eagle Tavern:—

"We are sorry to announce, that from the opening of the valve of the balloon too greatly, and not being able to close it, the aeronauts were precipitated from a great height most rapidly. Mr. Harris was killed on the spot; but the lady, although much bruised, is alive and sensible. This awful occurrence took place by striking against a tree in Beddington Park, on the estate of Mrs. Gee. The young lady lies at the Plough, Beddington, in a very precarious state." Besides the above placard, several accounts have been published, but they contain little or no additional information.

The coroner's inquest sat on the body, and, after collecting all the evidence which those who witnessed his departure and descent could communicate, returned a verdict of "accidental death." Of the young lady's recovery some hopes are entertained.

Mr. Harris, it appears, was formerly a lieutenant in the navy; he afterwards engaged in the upholstery business in Fore-street, London, whence he removed to Fitzroy-square, to prepare for this fatal expedition. He has left a widow and family to deplore his death.

The young lady, his companion in misfortune, is a Miss Stocks, whose father is a millwright, with a family of eight children, living near Finsbury-square. The Saturday preceding this disastrous adventure, she had left a situation in a pastry-cook shop; but her inducement to aim at the romantic elevation which the balloon promised, we have not learnt. A subscription, we hear, is open for the family of the deceased and his unfortunate companion.

What effect this disaster may have on other adventurers, time only can determine. Should they be deterred by this misfortune from hazarding their lives in accompanying this philosophical bubble, good will be brought out of evil. We know of no one benefit that it has ever been, or promises to be, to mankind.

Miscellaneous.

King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.—Since our last, these illustrious personages have visited our shores. They are somewhat above the middle stature, very dark in their complexion, and dressed in the English costume. They are adepts at playing cards, are much delighted with the curious exhibitions of London, but are particularly charmed with gazing from the windows on the puppet-shows that are seen in the streets. Her Majesty is remarkably fond of smoking segars. They are said to have brought with them the bones of the celebrated, but unfortunate, Captain James Cook, who was killed by the savages of Owhyhee.

Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty.—The Anniversary of this Society was numerously attended. Lord Holland was in the chair. The celebrated Mr. Wilks displayed his usual eloquence, but the account reached us too late for any detail of circumstances to be given in this number of our Magazine.

Northern Expedition.—The Hecla and Fury Discovery Ships, under Captain Parry, judiciously and amply provided in every respect, sailed on the 19th ult. from the Nore. A transport ship, having on board 26 live bullocks, and laden with provisions and fuel, will accompany them to a certain distance, to keep up the supplies.

Coffee.—In Sweden, a substitute for coffee has been found, in the berries of the *astragalus baticus* of Linnæus. Doctor Bayrhammor, of Wurtzburg, who has exerted himself in the promotion of this culture, offered some time ago to send 100 perfect seeds of this plant to any person, who would undertake to cultivate it according to the accompanying instructions, and to communicate the result. He says it will not suffer from intense frost, and produces from 100 to 600 fold. Its decoction is economical, requiring only the fifth part of the sugar generally used with coffee.

Confinement of Debtors.—The congress of the United States has abolished arrest and imprisonment for debt. Undoubtedly the creditor should have as complete a remedy as possible against the *property* of the debtor; but an arbitrary power of imprisonment in the hands of an incensed creditor, who is sometimes the more culpable of the two parties, is opposed to justice, humanity, and true policy, and is only beneficial to the most disreputable portion of legal practitioners.

Lanterns.—M. Larèvière, a mechanic at Geneva, has conceived the idea of substituting for glass in lanterns, plates of polished iron, pierced with small holes, regularly placed, and close to one another. These plates allow the light to pass through them extremely well, and are much superior to metallic wires, which are easily deranged.

Toad.—A miner lately employed with others in sinking a new coal-pit, near Haughton-le-Spring, (near Sheffield,) found a living toad in the middle of a solid block of stone, at the depth of between twenty-five and twenty-six fathoms from the surface of the earth. It differed from a common toad, in having nostrils, but no mouth.—Another was, a few weeks ago, discovered by the workmen of Mr. Fletcher,

brush-manufacturer, of Stockport. While cutting up a large sycamore tree, at their manufactory, near Chesterfield, the sawyers heard a particular sound proceed from the middle of the tree, and, on opening the timber, found in the most central part of it, an enormous toad, of beautiful colour, and full of life. On examining the timber, it was found perfectly sound above and below the secret residence of this inmate.

The Ashantees.—M. Dupuis, his Britannic majesty's late envoy and consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a journal of his residence in that kingdom, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and causes of the present war.

Wonderful Clock.—An alarm clock, which *lights a candle*, has recently been invented by Mr. George, of London; thus at once rousing the person from his slumbers, and accommodating him with light for immediate business.

Cotton Manufactures.—Mr. Hall, of Basford, in Nottinghamshire, has recently taken out a patent for a method of clearing calicoes, muslins, and other cotton goods from the loose fibres which lie on the surface, and which unfit them for the use of calico printers. This is effected by passing them over a continuous flame of gas, (equal in length to the width of the piece,) without the least injury to the texture of the cloth.

Mechanical Achievement.—A novel sight was lately observed at Chelmsford, in the removal of the body of a windmill and its contents, entire, from the place where it had stood many years, upon a site near the brewery of Messrs. Woodcock, Hodges, and Wells. The mill was first divested of its sails and cap, the body raised from the foundation by a lofty triangle, pulleys, and blocks, and when sufficiently elevated, a strong four-wheeled timber carriage drawn under, upon which it was let down; the carriage and its lofty burden were then gradually removed, the wheels being properly blocked to prevent too sudden a pressure down a short declivity into the road, whence it was conveyed without any accident, to the astonishment and admiration of a vast number of spectators, and safely deposited by the same means upon another foundation, on a site prepared for its reception.

Discovery.—A very remarkable subterranean mill, of the utmost antiquity, has lately been discovered in the county of Cork. This piece of antiquity appears to be, at least, coeval with the round towers which have so much puzzled antiquarians.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

The Old English Drama, Number 2, containing "A Pleasant Conceited Comedy," showing how a man may chuse a good wife from a bad. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.—demy, 4s.

Mornings at Bow-street, with 20 Illustrative Drawings. By George Cruikshank. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Rural Rambles. Embellished with a superior copperplate engraving. 18mo.

Part II. of Sermons and Plans of Sermons, on many of the most important texts of Holy Scripture. By the late Rev. Joseph Benson. 8vo. 6s. boards.

The Art of Cutting; containing unerring principles to fit the human shape with ease and true symmetry. Embellished and illustrated by forty lithographic plates, and numerous accurate tables of demonstrated calculations. By Robert Byfield. To subscribers, 14s.—to non-subscribers, 16s. boards.

Vol. XI. of the new and uniform edition of Dr. John Owen's Works. 12s. bds.

Conchologist's Companion; comprising the instincts and constructions of Testaceous Animals. By the Author of "The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom, &c."

Letters to Young Ladies on their Entrance into the World. Sketches from Real Life, &c. By Mrs. Lanfear. 4s. 6d.

The Christian Father's Present. By J. A. James. 2 vols. 9s.

An Apology for Don Juan. 4s. 6d.

Odes, original and translated, with other Poems. 3s. 6d.

Scylla, a Tragedy, in five acts. Translated from the French of M. Jouy, Member of the Institute at Paris. 5s. 6d.

In the Press.

Speedily will be published, in two vols. 8vo. Five Years' Residence in the Canadas: including a Tour through the United States of America, in 1823. By E. A. Talbot, Esq. of the Talbot Settlement, Upper Canada.

A second edition of The Village Hymn Book; a selection of a large number of Hymns from various Authors, suited for Village Congregations. By Ingram Cobbin, A.M. Bound in sheep and lettered at 1s. 4d. each, or in stiff covers at 1s.

Mr. Conrad Cooke will publish in June, a new and complete System of Cookery and Confectionary, adapted to all capacities, and containing many plates. This work is the result of thirty years' experience in families of distinction, and contains important improvements in the art.

The Monthly Critical Gazette will appear on the 1st of June, at 1s. 6d.

QUERIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Queries on Anatomy.—In col. 203 we stated, that an anatomical subject had been made by M. Auroux, an ingenious French physician, of a composition resembling pasteboard, but in which the nerves, muscles, veins, and all the vessels of the human body, were represented with rigid accuracy. A medical gentleman wishes to be informed, through the medium of this magazine, if this artificial subject can be purchased, where it can be procured, and what is the price?—He also wishes to know whether an artificial skeleton in wood can be purchased, together with its price, &c.? A speedy reply will be gratefully received.

ERRATUM.—In "RESIGNATION," (col. 455, last verse,) *for* "fiend" *read* "friend."

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T. Campbell

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